The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*

JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

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CONTENTS

WEEK BY WEEK		57
LITURGICAL ARTS 1250 A. D. (*Cartoon*)		59
INFLATION BY SPEED (*Editorial*)	*E. Carroll Skinner*	60
BAD BOY	*Gerald Raftery*	61
AUSTRIA INFELIX	*Bernard Biermann*	63
JERUSALEM AMONG THE MILLS	*Gerald Vann*	65
OUR GREAT AMERICAN SWEEPSTAKES	*Thurlow Weed*	69
POPULAR ART IN THE RAW	*Patrick Morgan*	71
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	*Michael Williams*	73
COMMUNICATIONS		73
POINTS AND LINES		75
THE STAGE	*Grenville Vernon*	77
THE SCREEN	*Mary Fabyan Windeatt*	77
BOOKS OF THE DAY		78

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Week by Week

BY ITS policy of fence-mending the Chamberlain government appears to be supplying the dynamic for a whole series of new commitments in Europe. While the comprehensive Franco-British defensive military agreement is the climax of a policy that in recent weeks has settled long-standing disputes with Eire and Italy, the British hope to develop it through pending Franco-Italian and London-Berlin agreements into a new Four-Power Pact. The Hitler visit to Rome is surrounded by the greatest of fanfare and includes much weighty political discussion, but observers are unanimous in believing that in comparison with the Chamberlain-Daladier discussions it is an empty show. Still Mussolini finds his badly dented friendship with the Third Reich highly useful for bargaining purposes and is expected to do his best to iron out the many real differences of interest inherent in the new military and political concessions Hitler is seeking from Italy. France, too, wishes to keep on good terms with the Soviets for fear of throwing them at long last into the arms of an isolated Germany. But, as indicated elsewhere in these pages, it is generally conceded that France would in reality be unwilling to attack Germany to protect Czechoslovakia, from whom she is separated by 200 miles of German territory at the nearest point. This host of new engagements and negotiations is expected to stave off an immediate European conflict, but the long-range probabilities are more obscure. Many of the pre-1914 elements are again prominent. Germany will compete strenuously with France and Britain for the raw materials and markets of Central Europe. Armaments are being rushed at the dizziest pace in history. There are new ideological differences and Europe is still divided into two blocs. Happily the various nations realize more definitely than in 1914 the extent of the opposition they will have to face. The one ray of hope is that this alignment may be a preliminary to a genuine Four-Power or a Five-Power Pact.

Alignments in Europe

"THE POWER of a few to manage the economic life of the nation must be diffused among the many, or be transferred to the public and its democratically responsible government." New Deal believers and unbelievers have accepted this "either or" proposition from the President's monopoly message with surprising literalness, and have used it to make a shady antithesis between collectivism and liberalism. The increase in the power of the government, the NRA and the AAA are pointed to as collectivist, while any action that may be taken to free the market from monopoly and reintroduce competition is said to be a reversal of New Deal form. Such a clear antithesis is not justified. The message itself qualifies the desire for competition inherent in this new New Deal tack: "Competition should not extend to fields where it has demonstrably bad social and economic consequences." In other words, certain costs which enter into pricing goods and services for the market cannot be left to liberal free play. Thus some variables in the market must be reduced by collective action. Then also, the fluctuation of prices in a free market, which is what liberals want, is not the natural consequence of free competition. Privilege has to be attacked by something other than laissez-faire. Here is a use which the stanchest liberals should make of the collective action of government. Furthermore, it is easy to show that free competition naturally leads to some companies outstripping others, and then the freedom of the market gradually degenerates. Once more collective action is needed.

"Liberalism" and "Collectivism"

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There is also a strong probability that certain industries are best organized as monopolies or quasi-monopolies or "rings" of one sort or another. Strong action toward collective ownership or control is obviously needed here. The absolute distinction between liberalism and collectivism implies the concept of an absolutely free market, and that is a concept that cannot be realized in practise. A synthesis between liberalism and collectivism, with the individual and the state both powerful, but also with intermediate and mediating organisms alive and active, appears once again the best objective.

Hague Sticks His Neck Out

FOR SOME months the New York press has been forcibly calling attention to the government enjoyed by Jersey City under the benevolent despotism of Mayor Hague. His high position in the Democratic National Committee and hence his relation with the President have served to draw wide attention to the state of affairs in his city. Suppression of free speech and the right to peaceful assembly under a political machine, the operations of which may not be any more subversive of democratic principle than is usual in corrupt city politics, but which certainly are classic in their ruthlessness and cynical disregard of civil rights—all this coupled with an open alliance with a President distinguished for his liberalism—must arouse the indignation of every lover of the American system of government. The whole smokescreen of alleged defense of American institutions and resistance against "communism," which has constantly been laid by Hague and his underlings to serve as a cover for their own attack upon these very institutions, was blown away on the eve of May Day by the "deportation" of Norman Thomas from Jersey City. Undoubtedly Mr. Thomas was trying to create a "test case"; those who for emotional reasons would like to defend Mayor Hague can call Mr. Thomas an *agent provocateur*. But they will have a hard time convincing the American public that Mr. Thomas deserves anything but praise for his courage in making vivid, through his own case, the principles so wantonly denied on the west shore of the Hudson.

National Progressives

WHETHER the new National Progressive party will do no more than cause shiftings and trouble in local sections of the old parties or whether it will flourish to become a genuinely ponderable national force in itself, the Madison meeting and speech and manifesto are important sociological sign-posts. They reflect a renewed and important dissatisfaction among the people, and widespread impatience with the Democratic as well as Republican parties, however much both of them have been altered by the New Deal. The old parties' slogans and promises are losing their attractiveness. Just as significantly, the La Follettes and their supporters reject the slogans and ideas of the Socialists and Social Democrats who for so long have seemed to have their own way in canalizing dissatisfaction with the status quo. They indeed turn against the whole established American tradition of demagoguery and utilize a psychology new to our politicians: playing up work and production and the hard but noble life, and refusing to dwell on distribution and sharing the wealth of the wicked, and "flatly opposing every form of coddling or spoon-feeding." But what plan are the La Follettes offering? So far it is absurdly vague, a corrective and catch-all for emotions. Planks from European fascism are the clearest elements: something that sounds like Reichsbank money and credit, and an amazing nationalistic peroration about "this hemisphere . . . set aside by our Creator for the ultimate destiny of man." The progressive field which this group is plowing deserves more carefully selected seed than this. The field is the most hopeful in America; and in their rally these Progressives have discarded baskets full of weeds, and they have shown some good plants that grow naturally throughout the country.

Russian Easter

THE NAME of Russia has many connotations today, but "religion" is not one of them. In this regard the Russian Revolution and its aftermath left a deep stamp both on Russia itself and on the imagination of the rest of mankind. And yet there are periodic indications to remind us that faith there is not dead. No religious statistics exist, presumably; and if they did exist, they would be rendered wholly untrustworthy by considerations too evident to need stressing. But the great religious holydays still exhibit the spectacle of Russian churches—wherever such churches remain—crowded to overflowing. Another fact is cited by Harold Denny in his dispatch to the New York *Times* regarding the Easter celebrations. The worshipers today are not found only among the middle-aged and the old. On some miraculous wind, the seed is still carried into growing minds. The young, the pride and possession of the Soviet state, are found to be carrying on the religious tradition "in astonishing numbers." Of course this calls for a fresh anti-religious drive. Twenty-five religious practisants were accordingly arrested for "treason" on Easter Eve, and there are more to come. But this is not the significant thing. Perhaps, after all, faith is not so easy to kill. Perhaps we should heed the words which tell us that "the Spirit bloweth where He willeth." Perhaps even those visionaries who look to see the dawn rise once

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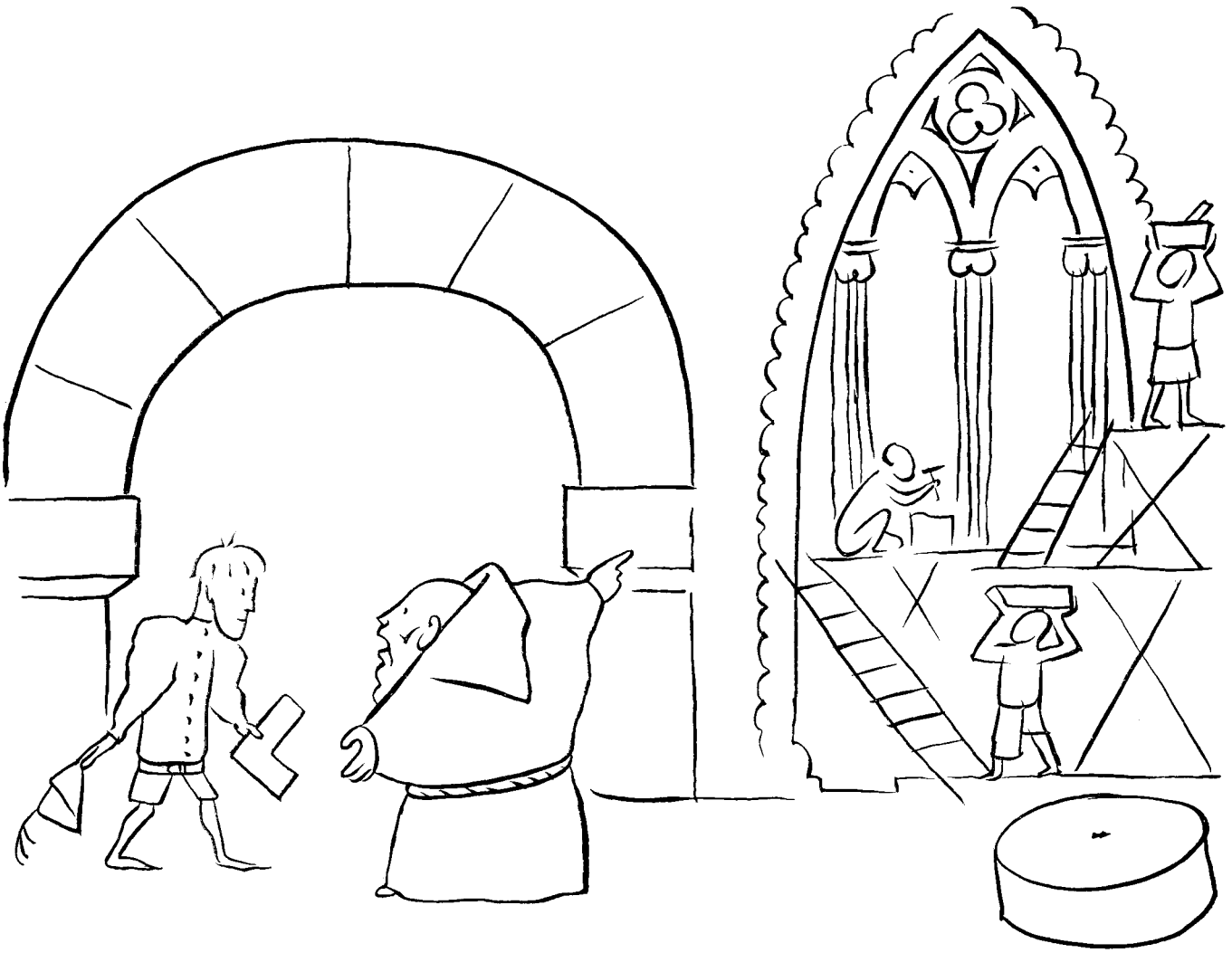

"YOUNG MAN, THIS NEW STYLE IS TOO FLIPPANT FOR A CHURCH!"

more over a Holy Russia clean and strong from the fire, will be justified.

The "Englische Fräulein"

IN 1609 Mary Ward founded a community of nuns which was the first to take only the "simple vows" so general among sisterhoods today. Prior to that, the principal function of religious women had been prayer and contemplation; Mary Ward's foundation, patterned upon the principle of action in the world which had inspired Ignatius Loyola, naturally was considered a great innovation, and met with many vicissitudes. After over a hundred years of effort, the new principle was admitted as a proper one, and the Institute of Mary, or "Loretto Nuns," or "Englische Fräulein," as the spiritual daughters of Mary Ward are variously called, entered upon a career of two centuries of distinguished work in the education of women, principally in Germany. Recent decrees of the various Nazi Ministries of Education have deprived these Sisters not only of their educational functions but even of their means of livelihood. An appeal in their behalf has just been made by the Bishops' Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany, expressing the hope that some asylum may be provided in America for this order. The appeal should be of interest to all lovers of liberty; the necessity for making it on behalf of a group so closely connected with teaching of the highest academic quality underlines the Nazi determination to throttle all but "official" education in the Reich and it gives Americans an opportunity once more to live up to their reputation for hospitality to the unjustly oppressed of the Old World.

On Collective Living

CHESTERTON once warned an opponent that if his efforts to restore paganism were successful, he must expect the new pagan society to end where the old pagan society ended: in Christianity. Some such warning hovers at the back of the mind in reading John Hyde Preston's lyrical commendation of "Collective Living" for Americans, in the May *Harper's*. Collective living has, after all, been tried out in Russia on a scale that would put any national

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effort of ours to shame; and the result, unless we have misread the news consistently, has been a definite swing in the direction of family convention and family authority. We do not wish to minimize either Mr. Preston's criticisms or his constructive and readable suggestions. We are quite content to say, with him, that the ideal of "success" and "keeping up" distorts most modern living; that the individual should, and too seldom does, bear an organic relation to his group; that security and congenial society can develop things otherwise hard to come by. All of this we have said ourselves before. We agree, too, that the pooling of group expenses saves money, and hence nerves—we have long wished to see the principle worked out in various forms of cooperative domestic buying. But without being dogmatic on the subject of how many families may with spiritual as well as material profit house under one roof and feed at one table, we suggest that it had better not be too hastily assumed that the single home, as crystallized around the single family, is merely an old-fashioned accident, to be abandoned without a backward glance when prices go up. Speaking not at all as moralists, but as sociologists, we repeat that the present tendency is toward a rediscovery of the family, with all its works, as being of solid, permanent, indispensable utility to society, and hence as worth some considerable price in individual liberty. Whatever valuable experiments collective living may evolve in the relation of individual and group, it seems evident that Mr. Preston writes under the exhilaration of what was, after all, little more than a holiday novelty. In contrast with it, the patterns of workaday existence seem drab and exacting. So they are; such, if we may borrow a well-worn phrase, is life. It has been that way a long time.

Inflation by Speed

TO THE ordinary person, inflation means just one thing—a sky raining paper money. One thinks of the post-war German mark, hundreds of which would not purchase a loaf of bread; or even of the French franc (remember those cheap vacations in France in 1925?). So all the expert talk of inflation during the last few years has been puzzling. Certainly, the government was increasing its debts rapidly enough. But were we inflating? And, if so, what are we doing now?

The various monetary theorists all seem to have specialized notions about the nature of inflation. Most of these boil down to some version of the definition, "undue expansion of credit." They differ principally as to the point where this expansion is supposed to become excessive.

The whole trouble with this approach is that it gives only one aspect of the case. If we had all the credit, or bank deposit, money in the world, and no one was spending it, prices would not rise one iota (and that is surely the acid test of an inflationary tendency). On the other hand, if the amount of credit money remained totally unchanged, and everyone was trying desperately to buy up all the existing goods on the market—in anticipation of a price rise, perhaps—you could have a whirlwind inflation overnight. That is what we had, for example, in the stock market in 1929. Everyone wanted ownership shares in American industry at once—and they would pay any price to get them.

Of course, a rapid rise in credit—and particularly in bank credit—does tend to raise prices, or lower the general purchasing power (not always the same thing). So does a wholesale printing of money. In both cases, the proportion of money to available goods rises, and so do prices—provided that the rate of demand for those goods does not fall off. In other words, there is a psychological factor involved here which theoretical, quantitative economics does not always allow for.

To put it concretely, there are in this country some $60,000,000,000 of bank deposits and paper currency. At any one moment, this sum represents the total purchasing power of the nation. And yet, we spent all-told more than $600,000,000,000 in 1937! That is to say, the money changed hands about ten times in the year, or almost once a month. Now, if we had possessed only $30,000,000,000 in deposits and currency, and these had changed hands twenty times in the year, we could have spent the same $600,000,000,000! The "effective" money supply of a country is the result of the amount of money, and the speed with which it changes hands.

Now the assumption on which most "inflation" moves of a government are based, is that the new money will stimulate spending. And the assumption is fairly valid. Obviously, if there is more money around, prices will tend to rise. So everyone rushes in to buy before the rise occurs—thereby exaggerating its proportions tremendously. And this movement is not only a domestic one. Foreign buyers may not be willing to pay as much for the new American dollars. So the price of the dollar itself drops, in terms of foreign currencies. Immediately it becomes profitable for Frenchmen and Englishmen to buy American goods, rather than Dutch or German goods, let us say, because they can get more dollars for their money than they can guilders or marks. The combined impact of domestic and foreign buying shoots up American prices, and you have "inflation."

But even without government action, you can have a period of "speed inflation." All that is necessary is a buying urge, from whatever motive. And the inflation can be (and even should be) a healthy sort of thing, if held in control. For

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dollars spent mean goods being produced and consumed, and men being put to work. All too often, however, this speeds runs away with us. People borrow and buy, borrow and buy, far in excess of their current needs—usually in expectation of still higher prices. Soon everyone has bought to the limit. Department store shelves are stocked with goods. Warehouses are piled high with steel and leather. Stock prices have risen to many times their earnings. We are months ahead of ourselves—mortgaged to the hilt with instalment sales, and merchandise and security loans which can only be carried without severe loss provided the frantic level of prices, production and sales is maintained.

Then, suddenly, people stop buying. Not all at once, perhaps, but in some one vulnerable spot. Perhaps automobile dealers (as in the summer of 1937) begin to receive cancellations of orders. Or there is a reduction in new financing. Or a few big companies begin to lay off men. Gradually the evil spreads, accelerates. Prices waver and drop. People are as loath to spend money now as they were overwhelmingly anxious to do so before. Lacking markets, factories shut down. Unemployment spreads. Creditors foreclose. The unwillingness to buy has become an inability to buy. And "deflation" works out its grim and painful course.

Now all this discussion of "inflation by speed" is not a theoretical mental exercise. It is a more or less accurate description of what happened in this country between 1932 and 1936. And it is almost the only sense in which we did have inflation, in those years. To be sure, the government was piling up a lot of debts. But these were more than offset by the remarkably low level of private loans. The government was, in a sense, borrowing for us what we were not borrowing for ourselves. The important result was that government spending stimulated private spending to such a point that a lively speed inflation replaced the economic paralysis of 1931 and 1932. Annual dollar spending increased by 50 percent. Factories opened again, furnaces roared and men returned to work.

Then something went wrong in 1937. The inflation got out of hand; and the fact was recognizable by precisely the symptoms outlined above: namely, sudden, violent increases in loans (commercial loans went up 20 percent from April, 1936, to April, 1937), a growing preponderance of instalment sales, and a piling up of inventories —particularly by so-called "middle men." By May, 1937, with loans still increasing, total spending, as reported weekly in the newspapers, had been declining for five months. In other words, the ground was dropping right out from under the borrowers' feet. By August, the results were felt in the stock and commodity markets. By November, people were talking of a "business recession." Now, in May, 1938, even the government is facing the possibility of another depression.

What can be done? Already the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board have started making dramatic gestures: cutting "reserve requirements"; abolishing the "sterilized" gold fund; releasing, as they say, more money for general use. The question is, will these measures succeed in stopping the forces of deflation?

The answer, curiously enough, lies not in the economic laws so often invoked, but in a factor so subtle and so elusive that it can never be forced by any law: the psychological reaction of a people. Will the American public—that is to say, farmers, manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers and ultimate consumers—choose to assume the risks involved in buying, now? If they will not, all the monetary maneuverings of the government will have been in vain. Because they are dealing not with machines, and not with sheep, but with human wills which can be encouraged into action, or scared into inaction, but which can never be predetermined or coerced.

E. Carroll Skinner.

Bad Boy

By GERALD RAFTERY

STEVE was a bad egg. I was assured of that by everyone who had any contact with him; and my own observation of him in classroom and hallway had led to the same conclusion. But I had to teach him—he would be in one of my classes in a few weeks—so I tried my best to make friends with him.

Many "bad boys" are that way because they fear the attention of adults and are desperately, almost violently, shy. This leads to their characteristic noisiness and the affected gaucherie which they assume will bring them the applause and admiration of their fellows. Of course, they usually drew the unwelcome (and disciplinary) notice of adults, which causes even more violent operations of the defense mechanism, and so on and on into a very vicious circle.

But Steve, as I sized him up, was an even more pitiful case. For he was afraid not only of the notice of adults, but even of the notice of his fellow pupils. The boisterous misbehavior which he assumed to cover his fear of older people's attention brought him the desired admiration of his classmates, but even that made him uncomfortable. He quivered in a continual inward consciousness that he was being observed by all. To barricade himself against this ghost of fear, he bore himself always with an aggressive bravado, and when this brought him the dislike of elders and

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the applause of other boys, he spurned both alike with a further aggressiveness. The teachers naturally considered him sneaky and, on the surface, they were right because Steve was sacrificing every consideration of honesty and friendship to placate the inner demon of his fear.

I took a lot of pains with him. The first half-dozen times I spoke to him, I hardly looked at him. I seemed very busy and abstracted and always asked him to do something for me—to carry a note, to lend me a pencil, anything. I took care that no one else was near on these occasions, because I wanted his reactions to be unaffected by embarrassment; I wanted him to feel that he was being noticed by no one—not even by me.

He never spoke, but he did as I asked with a startling directness and eagerness. Only when I growled a "Thank you" did I feel that he was uncomfortable.

One day I dropped in on one of his study periods and "borrowed" him to help me in the stockroom. I didn't give any hint that I recognized him; I just pointed and said, "This one!"

During fifteen minutes of work at moving books, during which I said nothing more personal than, "Let's put these over here!" or "Will you take those over there?", he became confidential. He said, "I like to work!"

I growled and nodded, understanding (whether he did or not) that he meant he would rather work in the stockroom than in the classroom.

Five minutes later he ventured another remark, "I work on a paper route."

I digested the fact solemnly, looked in the other direction, and inquired, "Who's your boss?"

He became positively garrulous. "Mr. Levy. He's a nice guy. He don't talk much."

I took the cue and became practically monosyllabic for the rest of the hour, during which I learned a great deal.

Steve's father was dead. He lived with his mother and grandmother. He worked every afternoon after school, all day Saturday, and on Sunday morning from three to eight. Then the bell rang.

In the weeks that followed I learned more about him. He was scrupulously honest, although he habitually associated with boys who were skilful petty thieves. There was one exception to this honesty. His promises to teachers were never binding; the inner demon of his discontent frequently led him to believe that he was being imposed on, and to a consequent kicking over the traces.

His language was far cleaner than the average in the section. This was remarkable in one who moved through an environment where the most casual remarks were spiced with genealogical and theological references.

Often he visited my room after school, sometimes only to say "Hello," stay a few minutes, and say "Goodnight" as he hurried off to work. When he volunteered a remark, it was usually a vague reference to a teacher, sometimes complimentary, sometimes otherwise, and often incomprehensible.

Several times he moralized over the dishonest escapades of the boys of the section. Usually he said only, "That's bad; that gets a guy in trouble!" or "That's wrong!"; but once he amplified his ideas to explain that theft from poor people was inexcusable, but from other people not quite so bad, though he of course would never indulge in either.

Finally he moved up into my class, and we got along very well. But there was not much I could do to improve him. I tried to bolster his self-esteem by giving him the job of checking the papers of other pupils, but it was useless. He lacked the modicum of arrogance, conscious or unconscious, that is necessary to a leader.

Only once did he cause me worry. And that was not his fault.

It was a morning of heavy wind and rain. He came in with my first-period class, and as I walked up and down the aisles checking homework, I noticed that he looked ill. I felt his forehead, questioned him. He was ill and no mistake. The pupil next to him volunteered the information that the home-room teacher had told him to go to the office and report sick.

Steve looked sullenly at his shoes. "Aw, gee, they wouldn't believe me. They're always asking questions."

"Well, you could tell them you've had a cold for several days," I suggested smilingly, hoping to give him grounds for a harmless prevarication.

"No," he said, in surprise, "I felt all right till a little while ago."

"Your feet are wet, aren't they?" I persisted, with a wider grin.

"No; look!" He thrust out a heavy number ten, and the class tittered at his obtuseness.

"Well, your clothes look damp," I said, frankly amazed.

"No, honest they aren't!" He held out the edge of his coat. "I wore a long raincoat today."

The class broke into a laugh and his ears reddened.

I frowned ferociously at all and sundry. "Tell the office I said you're sick, and you're to go home." I hurried him from the room and phoned the office to excuse him.

As I returned to my desk, a lad in the front row shook his head sympathetically. "That guy is dumb!"

I told him to get to work.

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Austria Infelix

By BERNARD BIERMANN

NOBODY, I think, really believed in the vitality of Rump-Austria, created by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye. In order to exist, an individual as well as a group must have an ideal, a guiding principle, a purpose. What this ideal shall be is indicated by the circumstances in which one finds himself. What was Austria's mission?

Hitler, in his address in Heroes' Square, Vienna, March 15, proclaiming the annexation of the country of his birth to Germany, scornfully spoke of "the so-called mission of Austria," which, according to him, was "to prevent the formation of a great German Reich and thus barricade the path of the German people into the future." That is the North-German, Prussian, Protestant view.

Against Nazi paranoiac obsession, it is timely to point out that not only blood and language make a people, but much more so, common political ideals, a common religion, a common history, a common economic life, often determined by geography. When Nature wills it, as seemingly in the case of England, France or Italy, the closed national unitary state may be the correct political form. The historian, however, knows that the largest and most permanent states of the world have been and are not national states but federations: the ancient Roman Empire, the Holy Roman Empire, the British Empire, the Russian Empire, the Chinese Empire.

Austria's mission, as indeed all Germany's, was not national but supra-national: the organization of the small intermingled nations of Eastern and Southeastern Europe. Prussia-Germany deliberately turned away from this task when in 1866 Bismarck ousted the premier country Austria from the German Confederation, and in his new state substituted for the federal principle, represented by Austria, the military-centralizing principle, represented by Prussia.

The catastrophe of 1866 prevented Austria from fulfilling her age-old mission. The remaining German population was numerically too weak to be the element of order it had been in the past, and it had to give in to the clamoring nationalistic demands of the Magyars. The *Ausgleich* of 1867 cut the state into two parts: a western half, Austria; and an eastern half, Hungary. Thenceforth the world was to speak of the Dual Monarchy. Again, it was a great mistake to form a duarchy instead of a tetrarchy, with provisions for the Slavs of the North and South. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir apparent to the Hapsburg throne, intended to carry out these very ideas when he became emperor. It is tragic to think that he was murdered for precisely this reason: many Serbs feared that a pacification of the Austrian South Slavs would end forever all hopes of having them join a greater Jugoslavia.

The Great War proved too much of a strain on the old monarchy. Out of the collapse arose five succession states, one of which was a much reduced German-Austria. Anschluss now haunted the Austrian mind. The treaties of Versailles (June 28, 1919) and St. Germain (September 10, 1919) forbade it. On March 19, 1931, Germany and Austria agreed on a customs unions between the two countries, which the World Court, by a vote of 8-7, declared incompatible with existing treaties. As late as July 11, 1936, an understanding was reached for closer economic cooperation between the two countries. It was this agreement that Hitler claimed was not lived up to by Austria, and to make it more binding he summoned Schuschnigg to the momentous meeting of February 12, 1938, at Berchtesgaden. It is now known that the Austrian Chancellor (on foreign soil, on a state visit!) was put under strongest pressure, the German authorities being unwilling to guarantee the personal safety of himself (in Germany!) and of his dependents (in Austria!), unless he would agree to Nazi terms then and there. The rest is the history of the last two months.

Attempting now, to ascertain the causes for the capitulation of Austria, we come to the following conclusions:

(1) The fundamental weakness of all political parties in the twenty years of the country's independent existence has been the flirting with Germany. Seipel has been reproached for having given out the watchword: "Nothing against Germany, nothing without Germany." His disciple and successor, Dollfuss, lived up to this political testament, at least up to the advent of Hitler (January 30, 1933). On the other hand, Ernst Karl Winter, vice-burgomaster of Vienna, editor of the outspoken *Wiener Politische Blaetter,* emphasized again and again that Austria was not a spiritual province of Germany; that it was as much a political unit as Holland or Switzerland; that it must remain "a free island of German thought, from where Europe might spiritually reconquer the lost Germany." Other men, many of them historians of international fame, pointed out to the youth of the country the great imperial traditions of the past: the late Richard von Kralik, a great scholar and a great man; Heinrich Ritter von Srbik, whose recent lectures at the

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University of Berlin on "Austria in German History" were a sensation; Joseph Eberle, editor of the weekly *Schoenere Zukunft,* a magazine of European reputation, that became the sounding board of such ideas.

It must be admitted that neither the Little Entente nor the Great Powers made a rapprochement easy. The Little Entente was in deadly fear of a Hapsburg restoration, and had mobilized against the two unsuccessful attempts of the Emperor Charles to regain the throne of Hungary (March and October, 1921). Even economic agreements between the succession states were hard to arrive at. It was not until 1935 that a series of private conferences were held by representatives of the six Danubian states, under the leadership of Dr. Heinrich Mataja, former Minister of State in the old monarchy, with a view to discussing possibilities for closer economic cooperation.

Meanwhile, Mussolini had induced Austria and Hungary to sign the Roman Protocols (March 17, 1934), whereby these two states entered into a very unequal partnership with Italy, that would be dissolved as soon as it would suit fascist policy. The Duce never cherished the idea of "the Fifth Great Power," as he called the Little Entente, and undoubtedly has done what he could to prevent the rebirth of the old Danubian monarchy in a new form.

Official France, although blocking every attempt at Anschluss, did nothing to promote better relations between Austria and her smaller neighbors, France's allies. On the contrary, when Dollfuss had crushed the unsuccessful Socialist revolt of February 12, 1934, Léon Blum, leader of French Socialists, made himself the spokesman of all the anti-Austrian forces of Europe. Thus, when it came to a crisis, Austria stood alone against Germany, abandoned by all continental powers, England having declared her disinterestedness, France being unwilling, Italy unable to help, weakened as it was by the Ethiopian campaign.

(2) A second factor in Austria's downfall is apt to be overlooked. On March 7, 1933, Dollfuss established the "authoritarian state," i.e., a form of government by no means Fascist, yet including features of dictatorship. For the time being, Dollfuss, Fey and Starhemberg shared actual power. First, Fey was ousted, and after Dollfuss's assassination Schuschnigg got rid also of Starhemberg. As in present-day France, the parliamentary system in Austria had been reduced *ad absurdum,* and a few days later Parliament dissolved itself.

Illustrative of the new spirit was the preamble of the new Austrian Constitution, promulgated May 1, 1934: "In the name of Almighty God, from whom all justice emanates, the Austrian people *receives* this Constitution for its Christian, German, federal state on a corporative basis." Contrast with this the German Republican Constitution, adopted at Weimar, August 11, 1919: "The German people, united in its tribes, and animated by the will to renew and establish its realm in liberty and justice, to serve inner and outer peace, and to further social progress, *has given itself* this Constitution."

The familiar process followed: all political parties except the Fatherland Front were dissolved, awaiting the establishment of the corporate state; a strict censorship was imposed; the same methods of mass suggestion were used as elsewhere; and in streets and in squares soldiers were marching.

Even if one admits the validity of the new authoritarian régime, one must deplore its necessity. In the matter of form of government, Austria came to resemble Italy and Germany, and in that respect it had one weapon less wherewith to defend its independence. Many Austrians shied at the new course and asked: "What does this man Dollfuss really want?" Heroic efforts were made to win back the sympathies of the labor classes—in vain. It is true, at the time of the Hitler ultimatum, they rallied to the support of the chancellor.

(3) Finally, a third factor must be considered, partly underlying the former two, partly independent of it. Austria is a small and relatively poor country of mainly Alpine character, with 6,800,000 people on 32,000 square miles. Its material resources are: forestry, farming (especially dairying), some mining (coal, iron, gold, copper, lead, zinc, graphite), water power (by no means all developed yet), industrial plants turning out products of high craftsmanship, and lastly what goes by the charming, capitalistic name of tourist industry. Clearly, such a little diversified economy is dependent upon the free movement of persons, goods and services on an international scale, a condition lacking today.

If Seipel, after numerous trips to the capitals of Europe, had not been successful in convincing the debating club at Geneva of the necessity of extending loans to Austria, the country would have collapsed and anarchy would have followed. From December, 1922, till July, 1926, Austrian finances were under League supervision. Attempts at closer economic union with the succession states had failed. The plan of a customs union with Germany had been spiked by the allies. The Roman Protocols were a poor substitute.

No wonder it was difficult to convince the youth of Austria of the future of their country. Austria's birth rate was the lowest in the world. Schuschnigg might cry: "Austria must remain on the map of Europe—a map which cannot be conceived without it—for to the world we represent an ideal of culture," but men, eighteen at the

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outbreak of the war and now over forty, who never in their lives had held a job, looked with longing to Germany, where an apparent prosperity reigned. These men were the raw material for National Socialist propaganda, the center of which was Graz in the mining region of Styria.

And now, we may expect that the obsession of Nazidom will grip Austria. Freedom of person and property will go, and in will move the trappings of tyranny: secret police, arrests without warrants or notification of relatives, concentration camps with their floggings and other more bestial forms of torture, and the despicable, barbarous system of hostages. A savage intolerance will reign, not very different from that in Russia. A beginning has been made already by arresting members of the nobility and ministers of religion, and by relegating the Jews to the level of untouchables. The Christian religion, to Nietzsche and his prophet, Rosenberg, "the one great shame and curse of humanity," will be replaced by the cheerful, deterministic religion of racialism; a heroic *Weltanschauung* will reign instead of a "slave morality"; instead of law, the *gesundes Rechtsempfinden* (natural sense of justice) of the German people (people = party = leader!) will decide cases.

Fathers and mothers will have little say over their own children, who are to be drilled in the Hitler Youth "in the spirit of the man to whom alone their life belongs" (Baldur von Schirach, Reich Youth leader, in a speech on December 1, 1936). Schools and universities will have to abandon universal science, and to teach Nazi ideology. Exquisite Salzburg, that wonder of the Austrian Baroque, where it was planned, after years of preparation, to open a Catholic university in 1938, will very probably get a Nazi *Ordensburg* (training school for future leaders). A pure Nazi art, undefiled by Jewish sensualism, will spring up by command. Austrians, instead of greeting each other with the customary, cheerful *Gruess Gott* (God be with you), have already been warned from now on to bellow the hysteric *Heil Hitler,* and soldierly marches have replaced lilting Austrian tunes.

Will it last? The annexation of Austria and the expected control (in some form or other) of Czechoslovakia, may be the grave of Nazism yet. It would be strange indeed if the easy-going Austrians would not demur against becoming Prussian automatons. Moreover, the larger the territory, especially in non-German regions, the more difficult become problems of government, and the more numerous the enemies.

One more thing. In 1866, when she was the victim of Bismarck's aggression, Austria was abandoned by the powers; so she was in 1938. But after Sadowa followed the Prussian-German Empire, against which a world coalition arose, and the end was Versailles. Thus, after this latest attack of plebeian, pagan Prussianism, Europe, in the near future, may rise up again to defend her ancient liberties, and another Versailles, more terrible than the first, may follow.

Will it last? No, no, never.

Jerusalem among the Mills

By GERALD VANN

WHAT of the integrationist policy in relation to sociology? The main lines of its program are deducible from what has already been said (pages 34-37, THE COMMONWEAL, May 6, 1938). Because integrationist, it will be progressive, not reactionary; it will try to cure and to perfect our world of today, not to destroy it. The outline of this sociological policy has been sketched by Maritain in his "Humanisme Intégral."

The Christian has a temporal mission; he has a duty to perform in the world and for the world. Not merely to save his soul, not merely to save the souls of others if the phrase be taken to mean an exclusive preoccupation with spiritual as divorced from temporal affairs; but to save in the sense of helping and serving to perfect and fulfil his own and other personalities in accordance with the Christian pattern. We cannot say that the humanist ideal is superfluous or irrelevant, a luxury. We cannot so separate eternal and temporal as to achieve perfection in the one by alienating ourselves wholly from the other; for we become saints only by living one kind of human life rather than another, we can help humanity to holiness only by helping it to lead, or at least desire to lead, one kind of life rather than another. Sanctity is not patient of departmentalization; if religion is not life, it is not religion. Sanctity and sub-humanity, to bring the issue to these more immediate applications, are incompatible. Our civilization has led and is more and more definitely leading to sub-humanity. It is for the Christian, then, to work for the establishment of the ideals of a Christian humanism, for the recovery of men's "original grandeur"; for to preach Christianity otherwise is ultimately to beat the air with wings.

> A new age of Christian culture will no doubt understand better than heretofore . . . the ultimate

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> importance of giving the real, the substantial, precedence in every sphere over the apparent and decorative—the really and substantially Christian over the apparently and decoratively Christian. It will understand moreover that it is useless to affirm the dignity and the vocation of the human person without working to transform the conditions which oppress the person, without ensuring that he may be able worthily to eat his bread [page 104].

How to work for the establishment of a Christian humanism, a Christendom? The first thing obviously is to be clear as to what this Christendom ought to be; the second, to see what may be done, remotely and proximately, to bring it about.

The first problem is not so simple as it might at first sight seem. There is no pattern to which we can point, as to something which merely demands to be revived. We cannot revive the Holy Roman Empire. As sanctity will differ in manner in different historical conditions, and as "one may suppose that a consciousness of the temporal function of the Christian calls for a new type of holiness today, which one might characterize primarily as holiness, and sanctification, of the secular life (*la vie profane*), so the new type of Christendom to which the exigencies of today would seem to point is a Christendom not *sacrale* but *profane,* a civilization no longer an instrument of the spiritual, but an end in its own order (*finis ultimus secundum quid*) (page 134). The old bad theory of the Two Ways: contemplation, perfection, for the cloister; the bare minimum observance of commandments for the world (the state of the imperfect)—this invalid distinction, "so widespread, it would seem, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," will receive practical refutation. "Profane will no longer be opposed to sacred as impure to pure"; for the Gospel principle—the sanctification of the profane, the penetration of grace into the *plus profonde du monde* —will reach a further step in its gradual manifestation and realization.

> Ought we to conceive of a new Christendom . . . as essentially, specifically different from that of the Middle Ages, while expressing in itself (analogously) the same principles? We reply, "Yes." . . . For not only do we recognize the radical irreversibility of the movement of history . . . but further we hold that this process is the stage of a divine and human drama whereon visible events are but signs, and that humanity, carried on by this irresistible movement, passes through essentially different historical climates which create specifically different conditions of realization for the principles of civilization. . . . An experience which has been outlived [*trop faite*] cannot be begun anew. . . . [Further] it is impossible to conceive that the sufferings and experiences of the modern age have been in vain. That age . . . has sought for the rehabilitation of the creature; it has sought it in the wrong directions, but we ought to recognize and salvage the truths which lie hidden there captive. . . . It would be to go against God Himself, to fight against His supreme governance of history, if we were to try and immobilize in one univocal pattern, in a pattern of the past, an ideal of culture worthy of being the aim of our activity [pages 152, 153].

The aim of Christian action will be, not to re-create an old dead culture, but to create a new and living culture. So the Christian position is *intégraliste* and *progressive:*

> The task which confronts the Christian is the task of saving the humanist truths which four centuries of anthropocentric humanism have disfigured, of saving them at the very moment when culture is decaying and when these truths, together with the errors which distort and oppress them, are threatened with dissolution [page 81].

For this is one of the main planks of the integrationist platform. If we are to establish the pattern of a new Christendom it must be by way, first, of criticism of our world as we know it; but secondly, constructively, by way of assimilating into Christian society whatever of good our civilization has achieved.

> Christian humanism, integral humanism, can embrace everything because it knows that God has no contrary and that everything is irresistibly carried forward by the movement of the divine governance. It will not cast out into the exterior darkness that which in the human heritage is the fruit of heresy and schism, of errors of heart or mind: *oportet haereses esse.* In the system of Christian humanism there is no place for the errors of Luther or Voltaire; but there is a place for Luther and Voltaire, inasmuch as, in spite of those errors, they have contributed in human history to certain enrichments, which belong to Christ as does everything of value in mankind [page 102].

The building up of the new Christendom, then, will not be viewed as the mere rehabilitation of the traditional values of Catholics and the expulsion of all other achievement: it will consist in the reassessing and criticism of the former, the adoption and, where necessary, the Christianizing of the latter. "The radical fault of anthropocentric humanism was that it was anthropocentric, not that it was humanism" (page 35).

The criticism of the Christian world: "The Christian world is one thing, and Christianity quite another." Christianity is divine and indefectible; the Christian world is all too human and frail. Why the deep resentment against the Christian world of which there is so striking a recrudescence in our day? "Above all, through the fault of a Christian world unfaithful to its principles" (page 49); and the tragedy is that this resentment fails to make the fundamental distinction, and its hatred of the behavior of Christians becomes a hatred of Christianity and Christ.

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> The Christian world of today has failed in its duty . . . in general, it has enclosed divine truth and life within a limited section of its existence—in the things of worship and religion and, at any rate among better Christians, in the affairs of the inner life. Social, political, economic life, these it has abandoned to their own carnal law, withdrawn from the light of Christ. Marx for example "is right when he declares that a capitalist society is an anarchical society wherein life is defined exclusively as a gamble in private interests. Nothing is more contrary to the spirit of Christianity" (N. Berdiaev). Hence the resentment against those who have not been able to realize the truth they bore, a resentment which rebounds on to that very truth itself [pages 51, 52].

This refusal to acknowledge that there can be anything to criticize in Catholic society—a refusal due, it would seem, to a sort of collective inferiority complex, fruit of the centuries of persecution and oppression—this refusal, as it is the cause of the hatred of Catholicism, as it is the cause also of secession from the Church ("The saints had for three centuries been calling in vain for the reform of the Church when the tempest of Lutheranism broke," page 50, n. 1), so also it is the greatest practical obstacle to the reunion of Christendom, and as such is of first importance in the present context, the formation of the new Christendom.

The criticism of anti-Christian humanism: If Marx is right in his criticism of capitalist society, it is easy to see where, from the humanist standpoint, he together with every form of totalitarianism is wrong. Marxism is Manichee and anti-humanist precisely as excluding the liberty and the possibility of supernatural fulfilment, without which an integral humanism is impossible.

With that criticism we are sufficiently familiar. The evils of liberal-democracy we are less ready to see. Yet it has led, and is more and more definitely leading, to a state of affairs far too similar, to a parallel sub-humanity and dethronement of human and Christian values. A centralized control, a power uneasily divided between oligarchy and independent bureaucracy, encroaches more and more upon the rightful exercise of individual liberty, while at the same time allowing the evil despotism of money to enslave and degrade mankind. There is always the danger that human government will be coercive of the wrong things. We are, in our democratic state, becoming enslaved to a tyranny as rigid in its way as that of any eastern despot. This is true of its direct activities; far truer, of other activities which it allows. The Big Business Man is often as powerful and as autocratic as a Pharaoh; but while the Pharaoh's subjects often regarded him, wrongly, as some sort of god, the B. B. M.'s employees often regard him, rightly, as some sort of devil. It is primarily the lust for profit which governments have to constrain and which liberalism has so conspicuously failed to restrain. Hence the growth of the evils which have undermined our society, and which, more than anything else, have turned a race of theoretically free men into a race of sub-men, of cogs in an inhuman machine.

Yet here as elsewhere we must be faithful to the integrationist principle, we must not allow ourselves the overemphasis of so many reformers, and throw away baby with bath-water. Christianity today calls for an industrial revolution. But we shall harm the cause of Christianity if we are merely destructive, if we exaggerate. Many will refuse to consider the establishment of Christian order because they find its advocates fighting under the banners of Erewhon or Rousseau, and they have no desire themselves to return to nature. But it is not a question merely of policy. To advocate the destruction of all machinery is to advocate what would lead to immense hardship and suffering; more, it is to advocate the surrender of our so hardly won conquest of material environment; more radically still, the abdication of a human faculty and vocation.

The ingenuity which has created the machine age could be used to create a better, a Christian machine age. A right criterion, a right direction of inventions and enterprise, these are what is needed. A positive, not a negative program. The safeguarding and the perfecting of the creative faculty in man, in every man, is the Christian criterion; and with this, machinery as such is not necessarily incompatible. It can increase, not destroy, creativity. The town-building which is, or rather would be, possible with the aid of rationalized machinery implies greater creativity than the building of the agglomerate of huts which is possible without. (We should not scorn the possibilities of urban civilization simply because our towns are in fact so frightful, because the word "urban" has in fact sunk to such ignominy that we have to add an "e," as in Smith, to make it polite.) It is essential, and it is possible, to have a machinery which both in the making and in the use of it does not imply sub-human service from man, which does not usurp what the hand can better do and ought to do, which helps the hand to do what without it it could not. At present, man is being made to do the dirty work of the machine; the machine must be made to do the dirty work of man. We should not forget the enormous effect the substitution of electricity for steam may have; and this not least in the way of promoting small enterprise, for small enterprise, coupled with the restoration of small ownership of property, is surely one of the keys to the recovery of human freedom.

Small ownership: A society in which a man cannot call his house his own, is on the way to becoming a society in which a man cannot call his soul his own.

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> Saint Thomas teaches, as we know, that on the one hand, primarily in view of the exigencies of the human personality considered as working on and elaborating material and subjecting it to the forms of reason, the appropriation of goods should be private, since otherwise labor would be ill exercised; but on the other hand, in view of the primary destination of material goods to the human race, and the need each person has of these means in order to direct his life toward his last end, the use of goods privately possessed should serve the common good of all. . . . This second aspect has been completely lost sight of in the epoch of liberalist individualism [page 198].

The socialist or communist reaction is no remedy to this neglect, for again, like most revolutionary doctrines, it tries to redeem one aspect of the truth by suppressing the other.

> Precisely in order to extend to each individual in suitable form the advantages and guarantees which private property brings to the exercise of the personality, it is not a state-socialist or communist form, but, in our view, a form of partnership [*sociétaire*] which property should take in the sphere of industrialism, such that joint ownership [*co-propriété*] should take the place as far as possible of the wage system, and that the human person should be compensated for the conditions imposed by machinery by the intellectual participation of labor in the birth and direction of enterprise [page 200].

The working-out of this idea cannot here be followed. But the basic principle may be again recalled; we should not strive to re-create a dead past. In the economics of industry, "the very interests of the personality demand a collectivity of property itself . . . the more enterprise is perfected by machinery, rationalization and the means of financial mobility, the more accentuated becomes this tendency to collectivism." On the other hand, rural economy, "under modern forms, and utilizing the advantages of machinery and cooperation, would tend toward a renewal and revivifying of family economy and family ownership; and it is this rural economy, more fundamental than industry, which should first be assured" (page 178).

Again, the distribution of enterprise and ownership should be accompanied by a parallel distributism of political responsibility. Bureaucracy, unless it is opposed, will complete the dehumanization which the economic régime, basking in the laissez-faire atmosphere of liberal-democracy, has so successfully begun. Again a positive program is essential. And of this, one element must surely be a large measure of devolution. How can a village, let alone a district, hold up its head when its life, its *mores,* its housing, and even its carousing, are controlled from Whitehall?

Education, for example, has certainly lost far more than it has gained by centralization. The contemplation natural to the peasant is practically a thing of the past; and in its stead the child is given a mass of material information sufficient to enable the man to read the *Mail,* do accounts, and know the geographical position of Birmingham and Blackpool. We are, in other words, doing our best to produce the kind of public which falls an easy prey to the advertisements—to say nothing of the leaders—in the press. Once again, we should not advocate the abandonment of education because, like machinery, it would seem so far to have proved almost more of a curse than a blessing, but we ought surely to be urgent in working for its improvement, for the creation of an order in which the child's faculty of vision shall be not killed but perfected, the educational environment beautiful instead of ugly, its technique not mechanical but personal, a matter not of arid regimentation but of fertile individual care.

Whatever form of government may be in question, it is to the establishment of democracy in the true sense of the word that the new Christendom must aim, a *démocratie personnaliste,* compatible indeed with "organic differentiations and inequalities," yet preserving as first condition of its structure the dignity and autonomy of the person. Then law "would find once again its moral function, the function of pedagogue of freedom, which it has all but lost in the liberalist state"; it would concern itself with "the education of men to the end that they might cease at last to be under the law, for they would then do of themselves, voluntarily and freely, what the law prescribes—a thing that happens only to the wise" (page 196).

In all these different parts of the integrationist program the same fundamental ideas are dominant. The important thing, the thing which must always be put first and in the light of which other considerations must be weighed, is the human person. We are threatened with the dissolution of our world because we have done violence to personality, whether in the name of commercial efficiency or in the name of state absolutism, or simply through the haphazard growth to gigantic proportions of bureaucracy. There are more important things than political or economic efficiency, and they must be put first. But this must be done, not by destroying everything else, but by perfecting everything else; not by jettisoning our heritage, the good with the bad, but by trying so to alter it that, by serving instead of betraying the first things, it may become itself wholly good. A bold program, perhaps dangerous; yet we are bound to attempt it if we would not run counter to the basic Thomist principle by abandoning the achievements actual or potential of our world and destroying thereby some part of the whole of human being. And we need neither fight shy of attempting, nor despair of success, if we put our trust in Him Who makes all things new.

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Our Great American Sweepstakes

By THURLOW WEED

GAMBLING on lotteries and sweepstakes supposedly is barred in this country—yet under another name, millions of dollars are being wagered annually by Americans in an attempt to win money and merchandise prizes. "Prize contest" is the term used for this type of legalized lottery which has swept over the nation, taking advantage of the omnipresent gambling spirit of the American public.

The main difference between a sweepstakes on a horse race and a national prize contest is in the distribution of the cash received. In the former case, one part goes to cover expenses, one to pay the winners, and the balance to charity; in the latter case, one part goes to cover expenses, one to pay the winners, and the balance to manufacturer's and retailer's profits. In a sweepstakes, you hand your money to an agent of the sponsor and receive a ticket in return; in a prize contest, you hand your money to the grocer or druggist agent of the sponsor and receive a ticket in the form of an entry blank, label, sales slip or carton —plus the merchandise you would not have purchased otherwise and for which you often have little or no use.

These are some of the facts I discovered while playing a Sherlock Holmes rôle for a manufacturing concern which shortly will launch a gigantic prize contest.

Almost anything which can stir the desire for acquisition is offered as a prize in some one of various local, sectional or national competitions. Some of the awards made last year included trips by boat to Alaska, Bermuda, Europe, Cuba, Central America, Hawaii, China and round-the-world; trips by air to any part of the United States; trips by railroad to many of the large cities; cash prizes ranging from $1 to $100,000; life annuities ranging from $100 to $1,200; houses; hotel lodging; college scholarships; automobiles, boats, bicycles; race horses; theatre and other amusement tickets; permanent waves, beauty kits, shaving kits; and such merchandise as radios, oriental rugs, watches, diamond pins, furniture, food, cigarets, clothing.

During the course of my investigation, I visited the president of a large advertising firm and discussed the increasing popularity of contests.

"During the last ten years, the number of prize contests has increased more than 1,000 percent," he informed me. "Their present great popularity was a logical outgrowth of the depression with its unemployment, idle time and more drastic need for money. The strongest appeal of such competitions is to the deep-rooted belief of the average citizen that he or she can rise overnight from poverty to riches.

"In certain lines of merchandise such as soap, it has became increasingly difficult to sell the product on merit or price alone because of the many contests conducted yearly by competing brands."

With the cooperation of my able assistant, Dr. Watson, I found that contests today embrace every conceivable form of activity. Skill, no matter how little, is demanded by the Post Office Department and this requirement, theoretically, prohibits games of chance.

Prize contests can be divided roughly into four classes: (1) those which cost nothing to enter other than the contestant's time and the cost of mailing an entry; (2) those which necessitate the purchase of magazines or newspapers in order to cut out the necessary forms; (3) those which require a label, box-top, carton or sales slip; and (4) those which require actual money to be sent. Contests of the last three varieties used to be considered "unmailable," but a few years ago postal regulations were modified to permit them.

Contests of the first type are becoming increasingly rare, as the only benefit obtained by the sponsor is the advertising accruing from them. Contests of the second type are prevalent among newspapers, as sponsors have found that they build up interest and thus hold old subscribers as well as attract great numbers of new ones. As advertising rates are based on the number of paid subscriptions, it is to the financial advantage of every publication to build up its circulation.

Contests of the third type have increased the most rapidly among manufacturers of merchandise. Not only does the resulting advertising obtain many new customers who continue to purchase the particular brand after the contest is over and forgotten, but the profits accruing from the extra sale of goods purchased by contestants in order to enter, more than pay the cost of the entire contest and in addition leave a substantial profit. With lower-priced goods, persuading entrants to buy the product is comparatively easy.

Contests of the fourth type are rare in the merchandising market, but prevalent in the newspaper field. Contestants pay from $1 to $2, depending on how many weeks a contest runs. This sum covers the expense of the contest, and thus the newspaper obtains an increased circulation for no cost at all.

Does it take brains or experience to win the most desirable prizes? One would not think so after considering the case of Beverly Anne Burt,

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age eight, of Murray, Utah, who won $1,000 first prize in a typewriter company's statement contest. It has been found that a successful contest must be one in which everyone can participate, no matter what degree of intelligence or education the prospective contestant may have.

A friend sent in an entry in a national contest. "What chance have I of winning one of the larger prizes?" he asked me.

"Very little," I informed him. "The amount of time and energy expended by contest entrants is appalling. Where numerical odds can be 50,000 to 1, the 49,999 individuals like yourself obviously will have wracked their brains in vain."

Do the best entries always win, or does chance play a major rôle? I knew this question would be one which my employer would wish answered. In most contests, the sponsors go to a great deal of effort in order to obtain what they consider to be the best answers submitted. However, in any of the large contests, the selection of the winning awards from the top 10 percent is very difficult and luck is bound to play a deciding rôle. As to the placing of the final prize winners, chance is the sole factor, as no two groups of judges would rate the answers in the same numerical order.

"Quick, Watson—the needle!" I ordered, as we confronted several judges and demanded the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth on this momentous question. While I held them, my assistant injected scopolamine—the truth drug—into their veins. They then readily admitted that, while skill is necessary to place an entry in the finals, the selection of the main prize winners depends on the mental slant and the digestion of the respective judges.

An entry considered best by one set of judges would not get a second reading by another. Take, for example, the experience of Mrs. Harry Hill of Wallace, Idaho, who submitted an entry in a rug contest sponsored by a national concern.

"I learned that the rug company also was sponsoring a similar contest in a large Western city," Mrs. Hill informed me. "So I sent in my entry under a friend's name. In Wallace, where a total of 45 entries were received and a number of prizes awarded, I received no recognition; but in the big city where competition ran into the thousands, I won first prize with the identical entry."

Then, too, there are certain types of competitions which are contests in name only. Here is a statement issued by the Chicago Better Business Bureau regarding one prevalent type of contest:

" 'Contests' where participants therein receive 'credit checks' only, as part payment on the purchase of merchandise, have long been the subject of complaints from the public. Such 'credit checks' require additional payments in cash. In many such contests, all who submit an answer, even those whose answers obviously are wrong or inaccurate, receive 'credit checks' as 'prizes.' In such a 'contest' where everybody 'wins' nobody does—except the sponsors."

How many persons take part in contests? Nation-wide contests pull from 100,000 to 1,000,000 entries, with a few in excess of 3,000,000. Some local newspaper contests have more than 100,000 contestants. An aviation company drew 165,000 slogans from an advertisement inserted in but one issue of a magazine; a radio program competition sponsored by an automobile concern brought 150,000 returns; and one contest of a toilet tissue company garnered 2,590,386 entries, while a second brought in 3,264,425 returns.

I had just adjusted my new Sherlock Holmes double-visored cap and was lighting the Holmes curved pipe when my firm's manager encountered me. "What is best to require of entrants—sales slips or labels?" he asked.

"I have that information," I pronounced, somewhat proudly. "Most manufacturers sponsoring contests prefer the requirement of cartons, labels, or some part of the package or box which is sold with the product instead of sales slips made out by the retailer. Many stores, especially chain and cash stores, do not issue sales slips and customers dislike asking for them. A customer who trades regularly at a grocery store finds it an easy matter to persuade the retailer to write out a number of sales slips without purchasing an equivalent number of packages. Finally, wholesalers are negligent about distributing the blanks and particulars to the retailers, and the retailers dislike being bothered with them."

During the run of a prize contest, the sales of a tea company increased 8 to 300 percent in its different selling territories. A shoe company increased its business $350,000 during the course of a short contest. A recent survey of drug wholesalers showed that the greatest gains in sales over the previous year, was made by products which sponsored frequent competitions.

Few sponsors ever publish the winning entries, due to the fact that the great bulk of losing contestants would consider the choices made by the judges as poor, unfair or even asinine. Many are sure to say, "Now, wasn't mine better than that? Those dirty crooks gyped me!" Occasionally such a contestant sues the sponsor. Such cases are settled out of court to avoid unfavorable publicity.

Most large advertising firms now have a special department to handle contest mail. One Chicago company is devoted exclusively to contest promotion and management, and numbers among its clients many of the largest contest sponsoring firms. Every year this concern dispenses more than $500,000 in prizes.

These prize contests are made enticing by radio, newspapers, magazines and billboards.

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Popular Art in the Raw

By PATRICK MORGAN

OVER a hundred years ago, the first summer visitors came to Murray Bay. Well over a hundred years before, the village was settled by the French-Canadians. Between the summer residents and these natives there exists a relationship of warmth and affection, but in spite of the hundred years' contact the French-Canadian *habitant* is still puzzled by the foreigner and his ways.

Habitant is a French-Canadian word used by foreigners in referring to the natives. It is best translated by "peasant." In French-Canadian it carries a sting and means only the most old-fashioned farmer. The foreigners, however, use it for farmers and townspeople alike; thus it denotes to them the simple, unspoiled natives.

To these natives, French-Canada is a piece of the earth vaguely surrounded by a land of opportunity inhabited by foreigners, most of whom speak French as well as their own language, known as the foreign language. In general they are a benevolent lot and all have great wealth. This wealth is considered as natural to them as legs or arms. Though they apparently work they doubtless do so for pleasure rather than for profit. It is inconceivable to think of a needy foreigner.

Foreigners have great energy for organizing things, notably their golf club and various camps for fishing trips. These are good organizations since they give employment to many natives. And the most confusing thing ever organized by a foreigner was the exhibition of arts and crafts. The story of its development involves many curious incidents. This arts and crafts exhibition had its origin in the annual show of painting that had existed for several years in Murray Bay. But the natives had never heard of it since only foreigners exhibited. Five years ago two foreigners reorganized the exhibition to include native talent.[1]

It was then that the village first became aware of the enterprise. The reaction to it was not one of surprise, for the idea obviously sprang from a characteristic energy to organize and the general benevolence of foreigners toward natives. There was only one disturbing factor, namely, that no one had heard for a great many years of a native artist in the neighborhood. A generation ago the recluse who could foretell the weather had painted many pictures, one of which was now in a museum. But today there was no one, except perhaps Madame So-and-so, who had copied an old painting remarkably well considering her limitations. She had never painted before; and she had only what house paints were left in the bottom of various cans kept in the barn by way of colors, and feathers from her hens by way of brushes.

There was also the young man who had copied with colored crayons the picture on the calendar sent out by the general store. This picture was of course very beautiful, as were the pictures on each of the yearly calendars offered by the general store, the bank and the electrician. The copy naturally reflected some of this beauty, but the colored pencils did not give the same effect as the colored lithograph, and the young copyist's technique was bold to say the least.

Then, as a matter of fact, there was also the mason who, one winter when no one wished to have any masonry done, had gone trapping in the forest and on his return had endeavored to record various things he had seen. But these paintings, he said himself, were of little interest, as they were not taken from a "model," except for the one of a fox whose eye was a real shoebutton fastened to the cardboard.

Perhaps there were a few more who painted, but one had not heard of them. On the whole it did not seem possible that these foreigners would find sufficient talent on which to expend their energy or that the exhibition of paintings could be a success, though naturally the good-will of the natives always favored the enterprise of any foreigner out of instinctive politeness and optimism.

Unfortunately another matter in regard to the paintings arose, namely, that the foreigners, it appeared, would not accept any copies for the exhibition, but insisted on original work done from nature. Well, given a beautiful model like the lithograph of the two crouching lions at sunset, it was conceivable that some of the above, or all of them together, might manage to recapture something of the great though unknown artist's effect. But no, the idea was to dispense with all beautiful models and to work from nature. In the first place this meant the subject-matter would be limited to their natives' own little houses and the life that surrounded them, the commonplace every-day scenes devoid of anything unusual or exotic. Whoever would find this beautiful? In the second place, who amongst them could conceive of an original picture? That could be done only by great artists like the master of the two lions and of the various calendars.

[1] Three paintings by one of the "native" artists whose genesis is described by the author may be seen on the present large exhibition, being held in New York (until June 21) by the Museum of Modern Art, "Masters of Popular Painting."—Editors' Note.

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These arbitrary rules were most discouraging. Nevertheless a few paintings were finally submitted to the foreigners on the appointed day. Each artist spoke a few words of apology, stating that in his estimation his work was full of faults, as might well be expected in original work done by an untutored person, but such as it was he had brought it. So that year the exhibition of paintings contained a few bright, gay primitives, sincere and direct in their appeal. They met with enormous success, but nothing whatever was heard of this in the village until the show was over. Even then it was said merely that the native artists had had the good fortune to receive money for their faulty paintings. But this news of money earned traveled very quickly through the countryside. If one could only paint, one could earn. Maybe the foreigners would accept other work as well to help those who did not paint. The question should definitely be put to them.

In the end the foreigners decided the following year to include any original handmade object. The exhibition of painting became an arts and crafts exhibition and grew to be an important event to the natives. It included painting, sculpture in cement, wood-carving, basket-weaving, furniture, hooked rugs, hand-woven cloth, wrought iron and garden gates and urns. But the taste of the foreigners remained unpredictable, and each year held new surprises.

In the matter of painting, for instance, it was discovered that a repetition of the same subject seldom met with success. This was very discouraging to one young native, who naturally supposed, since his picture of an old aunt feeding chickens had sold readily, that through rare good luck he had fallen on a subject particularly appealing to foreigners. So that winter he spent his idle hours creating a series of pictures all alike. But these did not sell, so he concluded that pictures unlike other merchandise did not sell by the dozen.

A carpenter who in his off hours carved wooden horses was more successful in this way. By marking his horses at so much the pair he was able to dispose of them two at a time, and by painting the teams different colors he was able to give considerable variation, taxing his ingenuity to the minimum. Even so, the vogue for horses gradually diminished among the fickle foreigners.

Quite the contrary happened in another case. This time it was a housewife who fashioned a pair of slippers out of various colored felt hats cut into pieces and sewn together with bright colored wool and trimmed, oddly enough, with edging saved from her grandmother's petticoats. It was an idea in which she had but little confidence, so after finishing one pair she applied her ingenuity to something else. But she sent the slippers to the exhibition. When asked if she would take orders for others, she accepted and was soon astonished that the foreigners wanted so many, and disturbed that each order specified what colors, no two being alike. The output was soon curtailed by the fact that the trimming of her grandmother's petticoats was a distinctly limited source of supply, though less limited than one might have thought.

In another case a talent became exhausted. The mason who painted souvenirs of his trip to the woods was unable to recapture his mood for painting. His masterpiece was painted the first year. The next, he exhibited two inferior landscapes, neither of which were sold. Since he felt the first was rather over-rated, he took his fate philosophically but never painted again. He did, however, construct a large potter's wheel on which he makes cement jars and urns for gardens. He has also sculpted a large cement lion and a deer. The deer is very natural, with real horns and glass eyes, but the foreigners seem to prefer the garden urns and jars.

In the matter of furniture the foreigners' taste was particularly bewildering. The natives knew that in their houses the foreigners put their oldest tables and chairs in their best rooms. If one of them visited a native's house, he never commented on the enamel kitchen stove, even though it were the new model with the small mirror set over it and the thermometer set in the oven door. More likely he would comment on some old chair that one's great-great-grandfather had made. Foreigners were not only strangely obsessed by old furniture, but preferred to have it look its age. They never gave their tables the annual coat of shellac as did every native. This perversity of taste made it difficult for the carpenters to sell locally made furniture. But it set their wives looking through the attics, and a great assortment of old furnishings appeared which sold at prices that astounded the natives. Old chairs often brought quite as much as new ones cost at the general store.

One might suppose that such an exhibition would improve the taste of the natives. So far this has scarcely been the case. If any improvement has come, it is in the taste of some foreigners who discovered in the gay primitive paintings unsuspected enjoyment. One might also suppose that the exhibition would lead to a better understanding between foreigners and natives. It has perhaps given the former a clearer picture of the latter, but the latter are if anything more confused. They are of course exceedingly grateful, as they now have the opportunity of working when regular employment is scarce. It shortens their long winters to feel that they have occupation. But the chief merit of this exhibition cannot be sentimentalized, for it is really measured in dollars and cents. To date the venture has been a financial success.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

AT A COMMUNION breakfast in New York City recently a public official in the course of his address was reported by the press as having said, among other things: "I try to live as a Catholic, and administer my job as a Catholic. . . . My ideas are Catholic ideas and American ideas." As by-products of the publicity given to his remarks, an organization called the American Protestant Defense League wrote to the Governor of the state requesting the official's removal from office. And one of the New York newspapers, the *World-Telegram,* delivered itself of an editorial rebuke to the official in question on what it termed the "religious administration of his office."

The official was Mr. Samuel J. Foley, District Attorney of the Borough of the Bronx, and the publicity given to his remarks was all the greater because he had attempted to stop the sale in his district of the issue of *Life* containing reproductions of photographs dealing with child-birth selected from a motion picture which has created wide notoriety. *Life* won the case made against it in the New York court. On that aspect of the matter, I do not wish to comment, but there are other aspects suggested by what the *World-Telegram* editorial had to say that invite attention.

According to the view expressed by this journal, the District Attorney of the Bronx "needed to be set right—if actually he had any illusions. . . . He knows as well as anyone, in fact, that he is the District Attorney of the Protestants, the Jews, non-Christians and the Godless, and that this country is definitely not interested in any possible sectarian way of administering public office. That he tries to live as a Catholic is beyond criticism or comment, but it is altogether an extraneous characteristic under a Constitution which says 'no religious test shall ever be required to any office.' There's no advantage in laboring the point, but by his runaway eloquence Mr. Foley asked for it."

Mr. Foley may or may not have been wise in the action he took against the magazine *Life,* but that he meant by what he said at the Communion breakfast that he regarded himself, in his office as District Attorney, as merely a representative of "sectarian" interests, as against the interests of all his community, is, of course, out of the question. As an American Catholic in high public office, undoubtedly he knew himself obliged not only by his oath of office, but by his allegiance to the teachings of his own Church, to be faithful and diligent in the exercise of his duty to his community. In exercising his duty, as he saw it in this case, it would seem that he discovered what many other Christians, in and out of public office, are increasingly discovering—the fact that not only the general public sentiment, but also the customs, and the actual laws, now coming into force in our society are definitely paganized.

The change has come about so rapidly, widely and deeply, and is now so general, that only those whose own memories go back more than twenty-five years are really aware of the profound nature of the change. As the rector of the Catholic University said the other day in an address in Philadelphia, the Protestant and the orthodox Jewish ethos, or general conception of life, was until recently in agreement with the Catholic's ethos, on generally moral grounds, in spite of their doctrinal and historical disagreements and differences. Certainly, twenty-five years ago, or less, only furtive sheets manufactured for clandestine circulation in barber shops and saloons or hand-to-hand sale among the dregs of the populace, would have dared to publish the sort of stuff, pictures and text alike, now printed by the press in general.

Nor is the paganization of the press the only sign of the breakdown of the Christian civilization. Nor is the lot of the Catholic in public life made difficult in that respect alone. On the contrary, as the great revolution against Christian civilization sweeps onward throughout the world, there is no plane of society, there is no department of public or private life in which the Catholic is exempt from being tempted to forget, or ignore, or resist the teachings of his faith. It is well for us to recognize that fact, and to do our best to deal with it. Not to be keenly conscious of the depth and power of the spiritual and moral revolution now transforming society—underlying and indeed conditioning our economic and political crisis—is to be unawake to reality. Nobody who is aware of the truth of what is happening can help but turn again—if he be a Catholic—to his Church and its teachings in order to do his part, even if it be a small one, to withstand the pagan flood, and to aid in the great work of Christian revival which is being directed by the Church. But let us have no illusions as to the gravity of the crisis itself, and the difficulty of the task. We must face realities.

Communications

WHAT IS CAPITALISM?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In reference to, "What Is Capitalism," in your April 29 issue, I take the liberty to differ with the views expressed. Father Michel sees a beautiful earth. On this earth are human beings with a civilization so developed they can create all the physical good things of life as never before, but there is a serpent in this Garden of Eden possibility of life. This serpent, Father Michel does not see, but he does see the self-evident effect of the serpent's work and this he labels "capitalism."

Capitalism is related to the word "capital." Capital is wealth, but all wealth is not capital. Capital is wealth applied to the production of more or other wealth. Thus when a farmer harvests his potato crop, that part which is to be used as food is wealth but the part to be used for seed is capital.

Father Michel, like others, sees around him improved machinery and is awed by this machinery. But what is machinery? All our modern machinery is nothing more than the improvement of four basic principles of mechanics known to the ancients, as far back as Archimedes, who lived at Syracuse, Sicily, 287-212 B. C. The four basic

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principles I have reference to are: the incline plane, the lever, the wedge and the screw.

Last month the F. W. Woolworth Company opened its finest store on Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York. The Woolworth Company put up the building which houses the store and by so doing employed labor, but the land on which the store is located belongs to an estate, the Bixby estate, who will receive annually $75,000 net rent, for the next twenty-one years. Who is the Bixby estate?

According to Arthur Pound, author of "The Golden Earth," the story of Manhattan's landed wealth, published in 1935, a young lawyer, John M. Bixby by name, was induced in 1830 to give a note for $200, for which he received title to a farm. Several years later, he was able to sell a small plot of this farm, which cleared his note. Years later he sold several lots of this farm for $1,500,000 cash and in 1935 this farm, now part of Fifth Avenue's shopping center, was estimated to be worth $15,000,000. Who created this land value? The answer is self-evident: the people of New York.

In Texas there is one family that owns 1,000,000 acres of land. I refer to the King Ranch. The most powerful corporation in the United States is the United States Steel Corporation. Its chief assets are title to iron ore, coal and gas land. See page 164 of "The Truth about the Trusts," by John Moody, published 1904. See page 45 of "The Menace of Privilege," by Henry George, jr., published 1905.

The word "capitalism" is a counterfeit coin which has been circulating as legal tender in economic discussion. There is no such condition as capitalism. The reason for poverty in the midst of plenty is due to the fact that a certain few hold title to legal privileges by which they are able to assess many of the improvements and advantages of civilization. It is not necessary to increase the functions of government to bring about justice; in fact, the less government the better. All that is necessary is to abolish privilege. Father Michel abhors communism, yet he uses the phraseology and reasoning of communism. I suggest that he read, "Rebel, Priest and Prophet," the life of Dr. Edward McGlynn.

H. Ellenoff.

Grass Valley, Calif.

TO the Editors: Just a few thoughts provoked by Father Michel's stimulating article, "What Is Capitalism?"

Socialism, or communism, is not only a planned economic system but also a philosophy and by its concepts definitely anti-Christian. Capitalism—that elusive "thing"—is not a planned economic system, it just grew; it is not a conscious philosophy with a "dominant ideal," but a complicated mechanism; not inherently anti-Christian, but anti-Christian in its result. This result—"mammonism"—stems from the system's terrific incentive to greed, almost unrestrained because the soil in which capitalism attained its growth was rank materialism.

Here I will make a definition: Capitalism is the profit system—perverted. The scriptural question still goes ringing down the ages unheeded: "What does it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul?"

The remedy? Not abolishment of an economic structure by the substitution of some form of centralized planned economy, but a revolution in man's distorted thinking: a radical rediscovery of Christian truth, of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Slow? Of course. Impossible? Only as our faith is impossible. Too late? Who knows?

Wm. Doyle Hennessy.

THE TEACHER AND THE TEXTBOOK

Charlottesville, Va.

TO the Editors: Since by its nature a textbook must cover a wide field concisely, there will always be a difference of opinion between different professors as to the space accorded particular topics. Thus I give about ten lines in "Ethics" to stating principles in regard to the "proximate norm of morality," whereas Dr. John A. Ryan, in The Commonweal of April 22, thinks that this should have been expanded into six pages. "To be sure," he admits, "the implications of these propositions [in regard to the proximate norm] are stated under appropriate headings in the various succeeding chapters, but they are not in those places related to the fundamental propositions."

Of course, any professor who thinks that his pupils are missing the relation between the principles stated in Fundamental Ethics and the application in Specific Ethics will naturally emphasize the connection. And any professor who has the time and thinks that the concisely stated propositions in Fundamental Ethics should be immediately expanded and their application illustrated, will expand them until he is sure his class has understood them. Another professor, however, or the same professor another year, may feel that his students have clearly grasped these propositions, although concisely put, and hence will not expand them.

The writer of a textbook cannot possibly give the exact degree of condensation or expansion needed for every class. He is bound to rely upon the professor, who has the class in front of him, to give the right proportions for the individuals in that class. That is one of the great advantages of studying under a professor rather than merely reading a textbook by one's self.

Much more important, however, than this criticism of being too concise in regard to one point is Dr. Ryan's statement that this is the "best textbook on ethics that we have in English." It is certainly very gratifying to receive such praise from a reviewer of Dr. Ryan's qualifications.

Rev. J. Elliot Ross.

HOUSES OF HOSPITALITY

Graymoor, New York.

TO the Editors: How I overlooked Father Paul's hospice at Graymoor, New York, in my article, "Houses of Hospitality" (The Commonweal, April 15, 1938), I cannot see, except that I was so pressed for time when I wrote. I regret it exceedingly, when there are so few doing the work, too!

Dorothy Day.

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Points & Lines

May Day

THE MAY DAY manifesto of the Communist International this year especially attacked the great democracies of Britain, France and the United States for their failure to check "international brigandage" in Spain, China and Austria:

> They can check this brigandage, but for this it is necessary to accept the proposal of the Soviet Union for joint action against war-mongers by all states that are interested in the preservation of peace. . . .
>
> Proletarians of France—renowned descendants of the Paris Communards—demand immediate removal of the blockade from Republican Spain!
>
> Workers of England, force your ruling classes to end their policy of supporting fascist brigandage and of hostility to the land of socialism!
>
> Proletarians of the United States, demand a policy of bridling the fascist violator of universal peace, a policy worthy of the traditions of Lincoln and Washington! Demand immediate removal of the embargo on the export of arms to Spain and China!

After the army parade, 1,000,000 Muscovites (according to most reports; 2,000,000 in the *Daily Worker*) flooded through the Red Square. Marshal Klementi E. Voroshilov gave the only speech of the occasion. He said:

> [Russia] seeks neither international adventure nor sinking enemies within, who are being ruthlessly exterminated. . . . Like the loud tocsin the successes of socialism in our country ring in the hearts and minds of proletarians over the whole world, inspiring in them the will to struggle for liberation from capitalistic slavery.

In Berlin, 1,000,000 gathered in the Lustgarten to hear Hitler, and later he greeted 150,000 Hitler Youth and Hitler Girls in the Olympic Stadium. In twenty other German cities there were large demonstrations, and in Vienna 700,000 shouted "Sieg Heil!" or "Hail Victory!" In Berlin Hitler spoke beneath a timber 131 feet high, brought from Austria. Hitler boasted:

> With the exception of one state, which I shall have the honor of visiting shortly, all the others are wrestling with problems which rested heavily upon us in 1932 and 1933. . . .
>
> Germany's economic policies, treated ironically by the rest of the world, begin now to win respect from the world. They are based not only on theories or dogmas but upon the most concrete recognition of facts imaginable. They consist of a steady increase of our production, which has in turn become a stable basis for our currency. . . .
>
> The real slogan must be not only "Never again war!" but "Never again civil war or class struggle or internal strife and hatred."

Hitler proceeded to give an amnesty for minor offenses against ordinary laws, and a complete amnesty for crimes committed by Nazi zealots in Austria before its absorption into Germany.

In France, there were no disturbances in connection with May Day celebrations, the government being so confident that regular police and army leaves were granted over the week-end. At the demonstration in Paris, the size of which was not estimated by most reports, but at 1,000,000 by the *Daily Worker,* the theme stressed by union leaders was support and preservation of the Popular Front.

The demonstration in Hyde Park, London, for "Spain Day" was against the Conservative party and its international policy. The *Daily Worker* estimated the participants at 200,000, while most of the papers were silent on the number.

In the United States, many local parades were run off by trade union groups, mostly by the C.I.O., and there were numerous May Day rallies. In Chicago, marchers numbered, according to the *Daily Worker,* 50,000, and in Detroit, according to the same source, 65,000. Chief emphasis in Chicago was placed on the advance of the C.I.O. in heavy industry, and in Detroit on the resolution to free Tom Mooney.

In New York City, the Socialists held a separate rally, gathering, according to the New York *Times,* 3,200 persons, and according to the *Daily Worker,* 500. The Communist party was joined in a united demonstration by 600 union groups. According to the *Times,* 50,000 marched, while the *Daily Worker* claimed 200,000. The West Side Association of Commerce counted 46,453.

The Outlook for Czechoslovakia

THE FUNDAMENTAL internal weakness of Czechoslovakia is suggested by Roger Labrousse in *Esprit:*

> It is incontestable that Czechoslovakia is a state rather than a nation. Of 15,000,000 inhabitants the truly Czechoslovak element scarcely represents two-thirds. . . . The annexation of the [Sudeten] Germans stems only from the fact that Czechoslovakia, heir of the old monarchy, wished to succeed to its historic boundaries; that of the Magyars came from a desire to reinforce the mountains peopled by Slavs by occupying a range dominating the Hungarian plain; as to the Ruthenians, lost branch of the Little Russians, their inclusion was justified only by a political maneuver which consisted of ceding to the republic that narrow passageway to Rumania, ally or ex-ally.

The London *Tablet* has less sympathy for a similar distinction when propounded by a German visitor to England, but reaches a strikingly parallel conclusion:

> This idea that there are different kinds of countries is one which makes very slow headway in Great Britain, France and other old and settled nationalities. But it is of utmost importance that the public shall see the great truth about Central Europe, that struggles between racial groups are age-old, that the blanket of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy prevented these struggles from taking rank as international incidents.

There is much speculation whether France and Britain are willing to go beyond vigorous diplomatic support of the Benes government. It is the opinion of Roger Labrousse in *Esprit:*

> France is in no position to incur the grave risk of maintaining the status quo, or what's left of it, in Central Europe—neither technically, from the viewpoint of the system of military defense, nor morally, due to the indifference of our people toward a threat which is geographically remote, indirect and not immediate. Indeed the principals at Prague have no illusions on this score despite the official proclamations.

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England displays even less likelihood of defending the Czechs by force of arms. Ferdinand Kuhn, jr., writes the New York *Times* from London:

> No alliance of Britain and France, no matter how strong, can keep Germany from dominating Central Europe unless the people of the two western democracies are willing to go to war to prevent her. Czechoslovakia, in particular, cannot expect to be saved by the newly formed alliance or by Anglo-French diplomatic action soon to be taken in her behalf in Berlin. The Czechs still face their terrifying choice of making peace with their gigantic neighbor to the north or of being swallowed up by him.

Neutrality—Then and Now

IN THE late summer of 1935, less than three years ago, a neutrality bill was introduced in Congress and public pressure was sufficient to pass it in spite of the criticism directed at the bill by both the President and the State Department. Since that time, there have been a number of actions by Congress relating to neutrality, but fundamental American policy has remained substantially that of the Neutrality Act of 1935. It is now announced that the administration will lend its support to a resolution introduced by Senator Nye of North Dakota for lifting the arms embargo against Spain. If this support materializes, it may well result in a complete abandonment of the American experiment in neutrality. For some time "liberal" forces have been lined up in favor of a policy of "collective security," a policy which ranges from cooperation to avoid war all the way to the threatening of the use of armed force against "aggressor" nations. It seems true that the public opinion of the country remains predominantly isolationist, but that it will not go so far as to support a policy of complete and rigid neutrality. In the light of present events it is interesting to compare what the "liberal" and Marxist press was saying in 1935 to what it is saying today.

In late August and early September, 1935, liberal opinion was far from completely satisfied with the Clark-Nye (neutrality) bill, but in general it was thought a step in the right direction. Said the *Nation* (August 28, 1935):

> If the mechanism of collective security breaks down, as seems almost certain in the Italo-Ethiopian controversy, it is still essential that we make an effort to keep out of the conflict. If we are to achieve this, there is no way open save something closely approaching the Clark-Nye formula.

On September 4, 1935, the *Nation* added:

> Even in its emasculated form it [the Neutrality Bill] serves notice on our financial and industrial interests that another war to save profits would encounter far more determined opposition than the last one.

The *Nation* today allows the Neutrality Act to be castigated, since it prevents our sending arms to the Spanish Loyalists. Says Louis Fischer (April 2, 1938):

> But in the whole of the democratic world there are not two hundred airplanes for a cash buyer who wishes to safeguard his hearth and home and national territory against invasion! In the case of America it is a stupid law which robs the Spanish government of the wherewithal to defend itself. . . . Without foreign help the cause is desperate.

The magazine itself blames this unhappy consequence of the act upon the application of the law, rather than upon its principle (April 9):

> We do not lay the full blame for what has happened on either Secretary Hull or President Roosevelt. There is excellent reason to believe that both of them were prepared to take action a few weeks ago to end the sham of the neutrality policy.

Yet even so late as April 30, Paul Y. Anderson had the good sense to hint that what is sauce for the goose may also be sauce for the gander.

> And many believe that the only way to be neutral is to be absolutely neutral, even at the expense of those you love and to the advantage of those you despise. It is interesting to note that Roosevelt is firmly convinced that lifting the embargo now would help Franco.

The *New Masses,* both in 1935 and today, follows its policy of seizing upon any seeming logic whereby to bolster its general political views. The result is to make a far more amusing contrast between the original reason for its opposition to the Neutrality Act, which the *New Masses* felt would be ineffective, and its present reason—that the Act is effective. Said the issue of September 10, 1935:

> That the Neutrality Bill is meaningless is generally conceded. Once American interests become involved, no resolution can prevent an irresistible pressure being brought on the administration to protect American investments and future commercial prospects.

The following is from the issue of April 26, 1938:

> And they [the Spanish Loyalists] will also fight on despite the criminal desertion by the United States which, through its Neutrality Act, has deprived a sister republic of the right to protect itself. Non-intervention sold Spain to the fascists—without reckoning on the Spanish people's unquenchable will for freedom.

The traditional policy of the *New Republic* has been isolationist, and it continues to be so, though very far from being so in the mugwump, die-hard manner. On September 4, 1935, it said:

> In short the neutrality resolution is an object lesson in the difficulties . . . of trying to keep out of war. Its chief value, and perhaps its only value, is that it does definitely register the desire of the American government, at this time and without any serious reckoning of the cost of alternative policies, to avoid entanglement.

For the past three weeks the *New Republic* has been calling for a lifting of the embargo on arms to Spain created by the Neutrality Act and its successors:

> It is not yet too late for the United States to end an embargo that is operating against our interests and those of all the democratic nations [April 20]. For the sake of honor, if for no better reason, the United States government should cast off the evil spell of the British government and permit the export of arms to the Spanish Loyalists [April 27]. Mr. Roosevelt's further comment, that a lifting of the embargo would enable Franco as well as the Loyalists to buy arms here, is beside the point. Franco is already well supplied by Germany and Italy, while the "democratic" powers have been enforcing the "non-intervention" against themselves [May 4].

On August 21, 1935, George Soule, while in favor of the Neutrality Bill, saw its difficulties and called attention to them almost prophetically. It is a tribute to his prescience to conclude with what he then said:

> Complete non-intervention means not merely willingness to sit by and watch justice, democracy or what you will triumph without our help, but willingness to sit by and watch injustice, fascism or any other great menace, imaginary or real, have its way.

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The Stage and Screen

Heartbreak House

IN ITS production of "Heartbreak House" the Mercury Theatre shows that it is not dedicated to stunt productions, and Orson Welles proves his ability to direct a Shavian play. Moreover, in his depiction of the half-mad Captain Shotover, Mr. Welles gives us, despite the first shock of his extraordinary makeup, the most interesting piece of acting he has yet shown us, and a performance which in the moment when power is required is thrilling. There are perhaps times when he misses the authentic Shavian touch, but he more than makes up for it in the deeper passages. There are, too, several unusually good performances by the other players, notably Geraldine Fitzgerald's charming and sincere Elly, Mady Christians's radiant Hesione, Vincent Price's humorous and distinguished Mangan, Brenda Forbes's admirable Nurse Guiness, and Erskine Sanford's sympathetic Mazzini Dunn. Perhaps there are moments when we miss some of the icy irony of Shaw himself, perhaps Miss Christians's very richness of personality raises her part to an emotional tensity that Shaw might not approve of, but there are those who will be grateful for this very quality. After all, if Shaw's plays are to live, it will be through their humanity and not through their ideas; ideas are of the moment and quickly date, but true emotion is eternal. It is not the intellectual content of "Candida" and "Saint Joan" which makes these two plays Shaw's masterpieces, but the emotion which informs them, informs them perhaps sometimes contrary to Mr. Shaw's own intentions.

"Heartbreak House" is a baffling and an annoying play. There are passages in it where Shaw reaches imaginative heights equaled only by "Saint Joan," and its picture of British futility and lack of leadership might very well have branded it as having been written in 1938 instead of twenty years before. But there are also tedious passages of wordiness and repetition of ideas worn smooth by half a century of Shavian labor. Then, too, the play is at least half an hour too long, and the second act in particular ends artistically twenty minutes before the curtain. Shaw is garrulous, and never more so than in this play, and only the genius of the man's wit could have kept an audience in its seats. And yet that genius is there in "Heartbreak House" and especially in the character of Captain Shotover. He, at least, we never have enough of.

There was a poet in Shaw that he tries to strangle, but which gets the better of him, just when we are about to throw up our hands in despair. Today his cynicism seems trivial and out of date. The world has suffered too much to bow at the altar of mere cleverness, and we feel that often Shaw is too clever for his good. His eternal harping on man the pursued and woman the pursuer is as outmoded as the wit of Wilde or the social analysis of Pinero. Much of Shaw is after all an attitude, as artificial as other attitudes. Yet the womanliness of Candida and of Hesione are as fresh as ever they were, and the master of words that Shaw is at his best is splendidly evident in the lines of Joan and of Captain Shotover, contrasted though these two figures may be. Let us be thankful that Shaw is finer than he often wants himself to be. He is often so in "Heartbreak House," and we are in debt to the Mercury for giving us that Shaw. (At the Mercury Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The Little Flower of Jesus

THERE'S dramatic stuff a-plenty in the life of any saint, although few Hollywood stars would think to conquer via this medium. Now Sunray Films, Inc., encouraged by the Sunday school triumphs of "Cloistered" and "Monastery," has put the story of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux into the well-manicured hands of Miss Simone Bourday. The result is a successful cinematized version of "The Story of a Soul," the autobiography which Thérèse wrote at the insistence of her superiors.

Originally a French talking picture, the present release has been furbished with superimposed English dialogue and the intermittent narration of an American radio actress who, as Sister Thérèse, tells about the march of time and what it is doing to her. Although the continuity suffers by repeated shots of unimportant scenery, there is more unity here than in either "Cloistered" or "Monastery." These latter pictures were content to give views of the life in the Good Shepherd, Carthusian and Trappist Orders. "The Little Flower of Jesus," on the other hand, is the story of an individual, and depicts the life of Thérèse Martin from childhood to her last days in the Carmel of Lisieux, where much of the actual scene is laid.

Miss Bourday is excellent as Sister Thérèse. The only tragedy consists in showing her old father mourning before the body of his "little queen," when actually he predeceased her by three years.

There's Always a Woman

IT'S BEEN a man's world for many moons but even the G-man had better watch out now. Sleuthing has put on skirts and in Columbia's latest release banjo-eyed Joan Blondell does a pretty fair job of finding out who murdered whom and when and why. "There's Always a Woman" is good comedy, with Melvyn Douglas acting as the aide no addled district attorney can do without, while Joan Blondell, as his wife and secretary, undertakes to solve the same case he has been given. Obviously the picture is tuned to the same theme song as "The Thin Man" and hands out a high-handed caricature of the usual run of screen murder mysteries. Best shot shows detective Blondell undergoing the third degree all night while her male questioners fold up under their man-made ordeal.

Undoubtedly this present picture is Columbia's best since "The Awful Truth." Unimportant as it is, for murder and mirth are scarcely playmates, it succeeds because of the antics of a clever comedienne in the person of Joan Blondell. There is also good direction by Alexander Hall who has made a nonentity of nonsense into entertainment American audiences will like.

"There's Always a Woman" is based on a story by William Collison with screen play by Gladys Lehman.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT.

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Books of the Day

Tempered Insight

Pavements at Anderby, by Winifred Holtby. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

WHEN Winifred Holtby died in 1935 her most successful novel, "South Riding," was still to appear, but she had shown her mettle as a short story writer in "Truth Is Not Sober." Two friends, H. S. Reid and Vera Brittain (whose own success in fiction has been outstanding), have collected from a mass of material the thirty sketches and short stories which make up the present volume.

All Miss Holtby's characteristics are revealed here: her passion for peace, her sympathy for the underprivileged, her sincerity, her conviction that duty makes inescapable claims, her fears for a future dark with challenges, her penetration, her gift of satire. Miss Holtby was not essentially dramatic nor did she underscore her points. Her powers are pervasive rather than striking, they grow on one as he reads. She knows men well but women better and above all things detests selfishness. In "The Wronged Woman" which compresses a novel into 5,000 words and whose two women coveting the one man come vividly to life, it is the selfish one who succeeds and incurs our hatred. Her male counterpart is the hapless hero of "Little Man Lost," a powerful story in 3,500 words which clings to the memory. It would be hard in equal space to surpass this portrait of Mr. Berkenshaw, successful in business and with women, cleaving the darkness of Central Europe in a luxurious *wagon-lit* headed for a business conference at Vienna, self-satisfied, selfish, and sensual, who is suddenly hurled out the car window to meet a tragic fate, "betrayed by civilization and repudiated by humanity." It is significant that the implications of the story are against Mr. Berkenshaw: the physical tragedy of his end is an act of poetic justice, the reflection of the moral tragedy of his career.

In her mastery of the little strokes that achieve a portrait and in her revelation of the unloveliness of petty souls Miss Holtby recalls Galsworthy, but she is free of his sentimentalism and surpasses him in moral virility. Even her pity has its stern side as in "A Windy Day," a brief but moving tale of a woman who as wife and as widow has refused to face realities. Its final irony is as biting as Hardy's but the fruit of character rather than a thing of chance. There are other echoes in this book, of Maupassant, of Wells, of that brilliant but forgotten American, H. C. Bunner, but in every case it is Miss Holtby's work because it bears the impress of her personality, of her point of view, and ultimately of her faith in the things by which men live. JOSEPH J. REILLY.

FICTION

Father Coldstream, by Julian Duguid. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.50.

IN "GREEN HELL" and "Tiger Man," Julian Duguid proved, beyond a doubt, that he could write forceful prose. His latest book, depicting the struggles of the Jesuits in the jungles of eighteenth-century Paraguay, is a well-knit narrative of fact and fiction. It is an excellent historical novel that deserves a wide reading. With typical pioneer courage Father Coldstream and his fellow members of the Society of Jesus carried the word of God into the farthest jungles, extirpating cannibalism among the Indians and organizing for them a constructive social order. But the Spanish colonists in Asuncion and elsewhere did not approve of any practical program of Christianity for the Indians. From their point of view this would result in a loss of cheap labor to cultivate their own endless plantations. Outlaw bands, particularly the Mamelukes, and Spanish soldier-colonists likewise vied for mastery over the Indians. Nevertheless, missions like that of St. Mary Magdalen, among the Chiquitos, where Father Coldstream and his superior, Father Gaudrand, labored, managed to keep the Indians happy in the performance of simple tasks. The Mission of St. Mary Magdalen, in a special sense, was a veritable jungle-Eden, the tranquillity of which was broken occasionally by the escapades of the half-caste girl, Ana, daughter of an Indian woman and a Spanish colonel.

Later, when political chicanery induced both King and Pope to repudiate the work of the Society in Paraguay, the missionaries still retained confidence in the sincerity of their people. Against a steaming jungle background, Mr. Duguid has written not only a convincing historical novel but an eloquent tribute to the rare administrative qualities which the Jesuit missionaries possessed in their labors among the Indians in South America. Although the core of the novel centers around the tragedy of Father Coldstream and Father Gaudrand in being denied the opportunity to carry on their work, each of the other characters is skilfully delineated in a lifelike manner. "Father Coldstream" is not just another historical novel. For the first time a decisive period in South American affairs has been dramatized through the interplay of human emotions. Mr. Duguid's lucid prose has again justified its continued use. EDWARD J. CLARKE.

The Dark Command, by W. R. Burnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

HAVING read little of W. R. Burnett's work since his first two novels, this book comes as something of a shock. Some writers, Leonard Ehrlich and Walter D. Edmonds for example, write well of the past but not of the present. Mr. Burnett has written well of the present, but this novel of Kansas three generations ago is sorry work to come from one of its author's literary stature. Even an inability to re-create the past does not excuse the sheer bad writing which comprises too large a part of this book.

Mr. Burnett's "Little Caesar" is the best gangster novel and his "Iron Man" the only authentic and well-written prize-fight novel; after his latest performance I hope he will return to the contemporary scene. It is easy to think of him as wanting to write this book as history, but of being persuaded otherwise by some one of his publisher's bright young ladies, his novels having always sold. But it is as history he should have written it.

The brutal guerilla warfare which ravaged the Kansas-Missouri border before and during the Civil War is a dark, exciting page of American history. To take a character such as William Quintrell and put him in a costume novel is gilding the lily. Imperfectly realized as he is in this book, Quintrell makes all the others in it seem even more two-dimensional than they are. Mr. Burnett chooses, without explanation, to call him Cantrell and, although the author devotes most of his time to a callow individual called Johnny Seton, it is Cantrell alone that one remembers, brutal and saturnine, vain and treacherous,

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kind to animals and cruel to human beings (a common psychological quirk which other of our contemporary novelists have missed recording).

Mr. Burnett, with Morley Callaghan, are two young writers, out of the many who tried, who actually managed to write well in the Hemingway style and manner. Remembering Burnett's earlier work, I regrettably record that infelicitous phrasing studs his latest work. Only the last half of the book is readable, and not all of that. I hope his next book is about race horses and their owners, or ball-players and their owners, or even about taxi-dancers; but not about history.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

Long Haul, by A. I. Bezzerides. New York: Carrick and Evans. $2.00.

HERE is a novel about the wild-cat truckers of the Pacific Coast, the men who drive thirty hours at a stretch on a little coffee—and less sleep. Mr. Bezzerides knows the trucking business, but he doesn't yet know how to write a novel. No character is fully rounded and, while tragedy is inherent in the story, the author never fully realizes any event. No impending sense of the final tragedy informs the writing, as tragedy should inform any work of art which deals with it. Up to the last couple of pages one doesn't know whether Nick Benay is going to die, be arrested or finally reach the girl in Los Angeles.

In Mr. Bezzerides's favor it may be said that he does not cheapen his very proletarian novel by dragging propaganda in, squealing, by the heels. And he knows a little about that almost mystical compulsion which makes a man driving an automobile for fifteen, twenty or thirty-five hours, refrain from stopping, even though his body is desperate for sleep and no logical or even known reason makes him go on. In this and in other occasional flashes of insight, there seems to be a hope for Mr. Bezzerides, but he will have to do another and less "starkly" written novel before he can even be termed promising.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

A Purse of Coppers, by Sean O'Faolain. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

"EVERY man," says a character in one of these stories, "lives out his own imagination of himself. And every imagination must have a background." And in the fourteen stories that make up this collection, called "A Purse of Coppers" because they are as the author says a mere "handful of modest life out of Ireland," Sean O'Faolain portrays clerks, priests, teachers, servant girls, sailors, nuns, singers, salesmen, politicians and children living out their lives today in their background of Ireland. Seeing all too clearly and with wisdom, and writing of what he sees, O'Faolain gives us cold lonely farms, poverty-stricken Cork, soft spring evenings in the country, candle-lighted churches, coarse pubs, decaying estates, cabins in silent, dark glens, and even the interiors of confessionals; and he tells the stories about these people who are what they are because of their backgrounds.

Sometimes angry, sometimes humorous, but with a humor that leans to the sardonic, and most often pitying, the author relates in beautifully wrought figures of speech and cadenced prose, the simple tales about his countrymen. This book does not solve the ever-burning Irish question, but it does bring us a clearer understanding of the people concerned.

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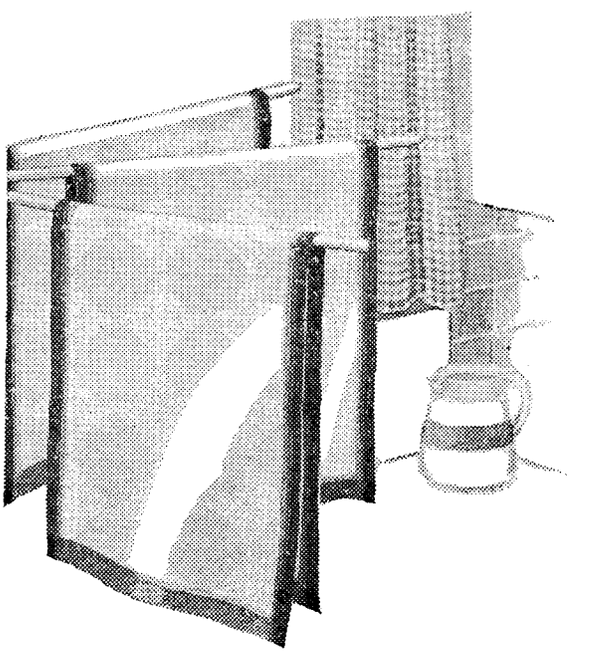

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The Bending Sickle, by Gerald Bullett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FOR READERS who like novels of the English countryside, "The Bending Sickle" is the best find of the season. Sandwiched between the first chapter, in the present time, in which a young publisher from London goes to call on Lalage Herriard to get her consent to republish "Cynthia Carstairs, or The Rainbow Wooing"—a romantic novel which Mrs. Herriard had written during her Victorian girlhood, and which the publisher hopes will make his modern, smart and sophisticated readers roll with laughter—and the last chapter in which Mrs. Herriard reads the proofs of the new edition, Gerald Bullett tells the life story of Lalage.

Even when Lalage's novel was written in the 1890's, it was absurdly old-fashioned; but so was Lalage, herself, unaware of life. Not until she marries a crude horse-breeder and experiences disillusionment and "the pain of an enforced and sudden emergency from childhood's self-sufficient fantasies," does she become a woman. And not until, years later, she meets Robert Hilliard does she come to know love and great happiness. Perhaps at times Gerald Bullett is guilty of the sentimentality that modern readers are supposed to scorn. Perhaps Lalage finds too great peace in her family and farm where "all things proceeded at an even pace and with every appearance of leisureliness." But even the most sophisticated of readers would find it impossible not to feel the glow and calm of this book and to envy and agree with Lalage as she says in the closing lines, "How they'll laugh at me, Stephen! What fun it will be." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

After Midnight, by Irmgard Keun; translated by James Cleugh. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

IF IRMGARD KEUN hadn't collected so many unattractive and mean-spirited people in her novel, she might have written a very readable and interesting story. At least her idea is good: through the eyes of a nineteen-year-old girl, who knows nothing about politics, we are shown two days in the lives of a group of people in Frankfort after the National Socialists have come into full power. But what a group of people!

Sanna, who tells the story, is much too naive for her years. In fact at times she reminds one of Lorelei Lee with her observations: "Love is still allowed and German women are still permitted to have children, but certain preliminary emotions have to be experienced first and that's where you mustn't make a mistake if you want to keep on the right side of the law." Her brother, Algin, has been caught up in the purge of authors and weakly contemplates suicide; he is loved by Betty Raff, "a poison wedge" who delights in making her friend quarrel; his wife selfishly loves an ex-writer who talks too much and finally kills himself because he's "sick of it." Gerti loves a Jew, and that's against the law; and the young Jew allows his mother to take him from Gerti. Aunt Adelheid stoops to low measures to get herself appointed as house-guard by the Nazis. Her son, Franz, is slow-witted and walks like an ape. He finally kills a man and runs out of the country with Sanna. Perhaps Irmgard Keun felt that she needed to portray such people to stress the unpleasant and unhappy place Germany has become.

The three main episodes of the book are slightly mad drinking scenes that have a dream-like quality and are filled with pessimistic talk. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

America Goes to War, by Charles Callan Tansill. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $5.00.

DR. CHARLES CALLAN TANSILL adds another and a valuable book to the library that is slowly gathering around the American declaration of war against Germany. It is not the mere rewrite job of which some other recent authors have been guilty, but a thorough and sincere study, based on some thousands of new documents in the German Admiralty Archives and in the Library of Congress. Dr. Tansill has gone carefully through the papers deposited in the latter institution by Bryan, House, Root, White, Knox, Kitchin and Lansing.

Senator Nye has also placed at his disposal the hundreds of letters gathered by his committee from the files of "big business"—a procedure which raises the nice ethical question whether it is entirely justifiable to gather materials by the exercise of federal authority for one purpose, and then make them available for quite another. That, however, is a problem for the senator's conscience rather than the author's. At any rate, Dr. Tansill is not hysterical about the Nye revelation, for he thinks it is "obvious that America was not drawn into the World War solely through the devious manipulations of certain banking houses." On the other hand, "it was very difficult seriously to quarrel with nations that had literally dragged America from a deep slough of economic despond."

Dr. Tansill doubts the sincerity of Woodrow Wilson's neutrality, believes that Secretary of State Lansing was in favor of war long before it happened, and regards Colonel House as little better than an international menace. Impressed by the sincerity of William J. Bryan's pacifism, he is inclined to take him seriously as a diplomat—an opinion in which he must be almost alone.

He makes a better case for his view that Germany was correct in claiming the right to sink armed merchantmen at sight. As a trump card, he drags out a conveniently forgotten decision of the United States Supreme Court which asserts that such a ship is "an open and declared belligerent" and as such "subject to all the dangers of the belligerent character." This, of course, did not justify Germany in sinking unarmed merchantmen; but Dr. Tansill insists that if this important paragraph in the Supreme Court's decision of years before had not been kept from the President, the course of history might have been different. America might then have followed Holland's example and excluded armed merchantmen from her ports. "The only serious cause of friction in German-American relations" would then have been removed, and America might have kept out.

But, in view of the German attitudes revealed in 1914 and revealed again in 1938, would a dominant Germany really have made the world much more comfortable than it now is? In a valuable historical introduction, Dr. Tansill shows that American friction with the Kaiser's government long antedates the war. There was suspicion, apparently not justified, that Germany had designs on Santo Domingo as early as 1870. There was no doubt about the German designs on Samoa, Bismarck's public denunciation of "American arrogance," German hostility toward Dewey at Manila, or German hostility to the United States over Venezuela. Dr. Tansill might have added to his list the questionable documents involving Germany captured by American troops during the Philippine Insurrection. JOHN BAKELESS.

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St. Thomas of Canterbury, by Robert Speaight. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

EARLY in the present year New York theatregoers applauded T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," presented by the original company of English actors headed by Robert Speaight. That the play did not have a long run was due in no way to lack of excellence in the work of Mr. Speaight, who gave a finished portrayal of the Archbishop. Born a Protestant, his dramatic work led him to study Thomas à Becket with such thoroughness that he became a convert and has written a book about the saint.

The natural foil to Thomas, once he was made Archbishop of Canterbury at the age of forty-four, was the King, Henry II. The two were good friends. Before becoming archbishop Thomas had been a popular, rather worldly minded man, fond of hawking, wine and good clothes; but he now turned ascetic. In dismay Henry realized that the very qualities which had made Thomas a conscientious lord chancellor would now make him a conscientious prelate who would brook small interference in the ecclesiastical province, even from a friend and king. He was openly venerated by the people and by the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, whose monastic life he embraced after coming to Canterbury. And thus the long struggle between Church and State in England had its inception with the struggle for power between Henry and Thomas.

Mr. Speaight has written a book that is less the usual biographical chronology than a narrative that probes the psychological problem of his protagonist. Was Thomas a dual personality? What was the motivation back of the second most powerful man of the English realm? Mr. Speaight presents an interesting insight into the man whose part he has played nearly seven hundred times.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, by R. C. Fetherstonhaugh. New York: Carrick and Evans. $3.75.

THE AUTHOR, in writing this illustrated history of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, authorized and approved by the late Sir James H. MacBrien, Commissioner of the Force, and others, has sought to dwell more on the adventures of its officers and men than "on details of organization and administration." The result is a series of exciting anecdotes based on the record of the force from its inception to the present day.

The history of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—created in 1873 to establish and maintain order in the territory newly purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company—is perforce connected with the development of the Canadian West where many of the patrols were sent to prepare the land, so to speak, for the settlers who were to come. In this capacity not only did they have to deal with hostile Indians, whisky smugglers, and, in one typical instance, cover some 1,750 miles to investigate a case of suspected murder, but also they had to help with their protection the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and even conciliate strange religious sects whose customs were at variance with those of the more orthodox settlers. The general impression derived from the account of these exploits is one of admiration for the patience, tact, courage and purpose shown by the force at all times. Mr. Fetherstonhaugh has a remarkable story to tell, more thrilling than that told by those movies, plays and books which have attempted to embroider the truth, and he has told it well.

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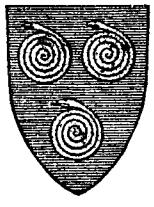

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NEXT WEEK

A SYMPOSIUM ON PEACE brings together short articles by Christopher Hollis, Paul Kiniery and Elizabeth Lynskey. These articles all oppose war, but from different viewpoints and with different fears and hopes. Christopher Hollis, the renowned English author and acute diagnostician of national temperaments, places before us the series of evils which any choice of war in Europe would necessitate, and he points out some hopes for the choice of peace. Paul Kiniery, brilliant historian and lecturer of Chicago, brings the matter close to home by presenting dramatically the moral and material concomitants of fighting a war, and he asks us to avoid "the destructive whirlpool of present-day world affairs." Elizabeth M. Lynskey, author of the third article, leans toward greater international cooperation. Miss Lynskey, a professor at Hunter College, is chairman of the Social Relations Department of the Catholic Association for International Peace, and writes with a firm grasp of these cataclysmic problems. . . . Father H. A. Reinhold describes a contrastingly positive contribution emanating from Maria Laach in Germany, and of the monks and laymen who there received strength from the deeper and wider liturgical life. Before the great shocks of the National Socialist Revolution, German religion was reinforced in a remarkable manner and the men of the movement deserve tribute and emulation. The history goes back before the World War and helps to explain part of the great modern contribution of the Church in Germany. . . . THE NATION'S HOPE—ILLITERACY, by Edward C. McAuliffe, takes about the most drastic stand possible against certain obvious contemporary evils. We are glad there is a public able to read such a chastisement of reading. The world seen only through print would clearly be a most fantastic creation. . . . A page of POETRY will also be included.

The Inner Forum

CARDINAL PACELLI has transmitted to Bishop Morrison of Antigonish the sentiments of Pope Pius XI on the rapidly expanding Cooperative Movement in Nova Scotia. His letter reads in part:

"The world today, which is hostile beyond measure to right living, brings many causes of grief to the Holy Father. Of late, however, something that is taking place in your country has come to his knowledge which has brought him great joy and which is an earnest of better things for the time to come. I speak of your effort in the social sphere, which, far and wide, is known by common designation as the Antigonish Movement. And since this redounds to the great glory of yourself and the teachers of St. Francis Xavier University, the Holy Father gladly adds, to the general expression of admiration and congratulation, his own tribute of praise.

"Some there are who strive to escape from or overcome the serious crisis which the human race faces today without regard for, and even in contempt of, the Gospel. Reason, trained in the close investigation of events and results, can with certainty foretell whither those very unwise men are heading. For if the things that are eternal are cast aside in order that the things of this world may be secured, both, by a just retribution, are lost. The moral law controls and makes for the happiness and advancement of men. If God Who watches over it is denied the rightful measure of religious observance, the law is shorn of its authority, and the minds of men are tossed hither and thither in a maelstrom of mad passion and slavery.

"The teachers of your university follow a different plan. They are moved by much pity for men of slender means who toil to draw their daily bread from land and sea. They strive to help them better their lot in such a way that the full teaching of the encyclicals, 'Rerum Novarum' and 'Quadragesimo Anno,' may be put in practise. To this end, moved by brotherly love, they, united, labor with the light of learning, the weight of counsel, efficiency in work, and wise leadership to bring due improvement to the lowly condition of the workers, as well in the civic and economic as in the religious sphere. Not light is the task, indeed, but great the glory, the more especially because under favorable auspices many may be led to emulate your example.

"May the work undertaken grow and flourish. . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

E. Carroll SKINNER is a director and officer of Townsend-Skinner, specialists in financial research.

Gerald RAFTERY is a New Jersey teacher and poet.

Bernard BIERMANN is chairman of the department of political science at the University of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif.

Rev. Gerald VANN, O.P., is a frequent contributor to *Blackfriars* and the author of the forthcoming book, "Morals Makyth Man."

Thurlow WEED has been engaged in investigation of prize contest methods.

Patrick MORGAN, artist, with his wife, encouraged Canadian art and exhibitions of it in the United States.

Joseph J. REILLY is professor of English at Hunter College, New York City, and the author of "Newman as a Man of Letters."

Edward J. CLARKE teaches English at Loughlin High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harry SYLVESTER writes for current magazines.

Philip T. HARTUNG is a publisher's reader and consultant.

John BAKELESS is contributing editor of *Scholastic* and *Town Crier* and author of "The Origin of the Next War," "Magazine Making" and other books.

Frances Fenwick HILLS writes literary reviews.

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